JUNE, 1901.

THE ROYAL

4D.

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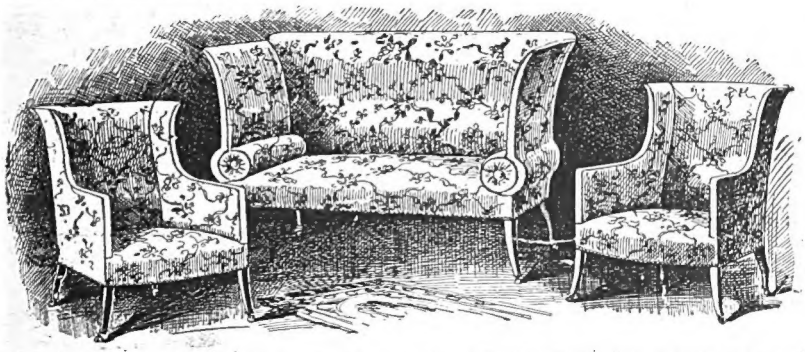

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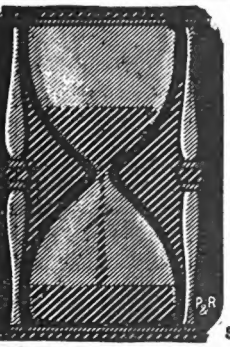

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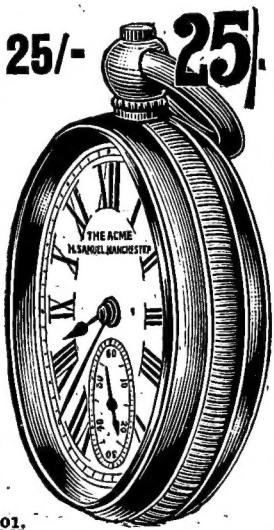

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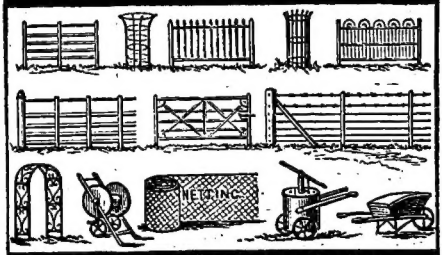

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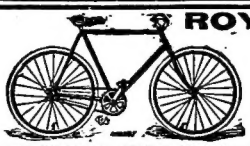

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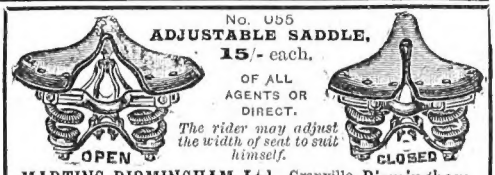

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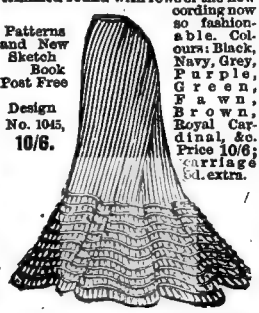

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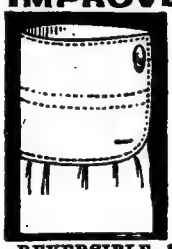

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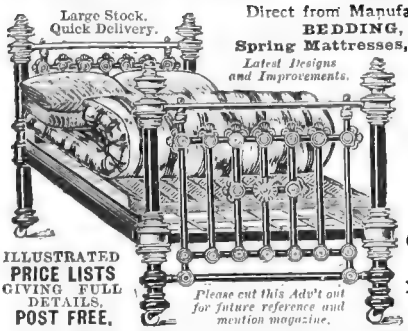

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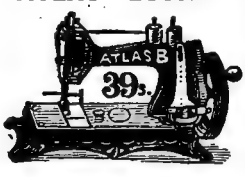

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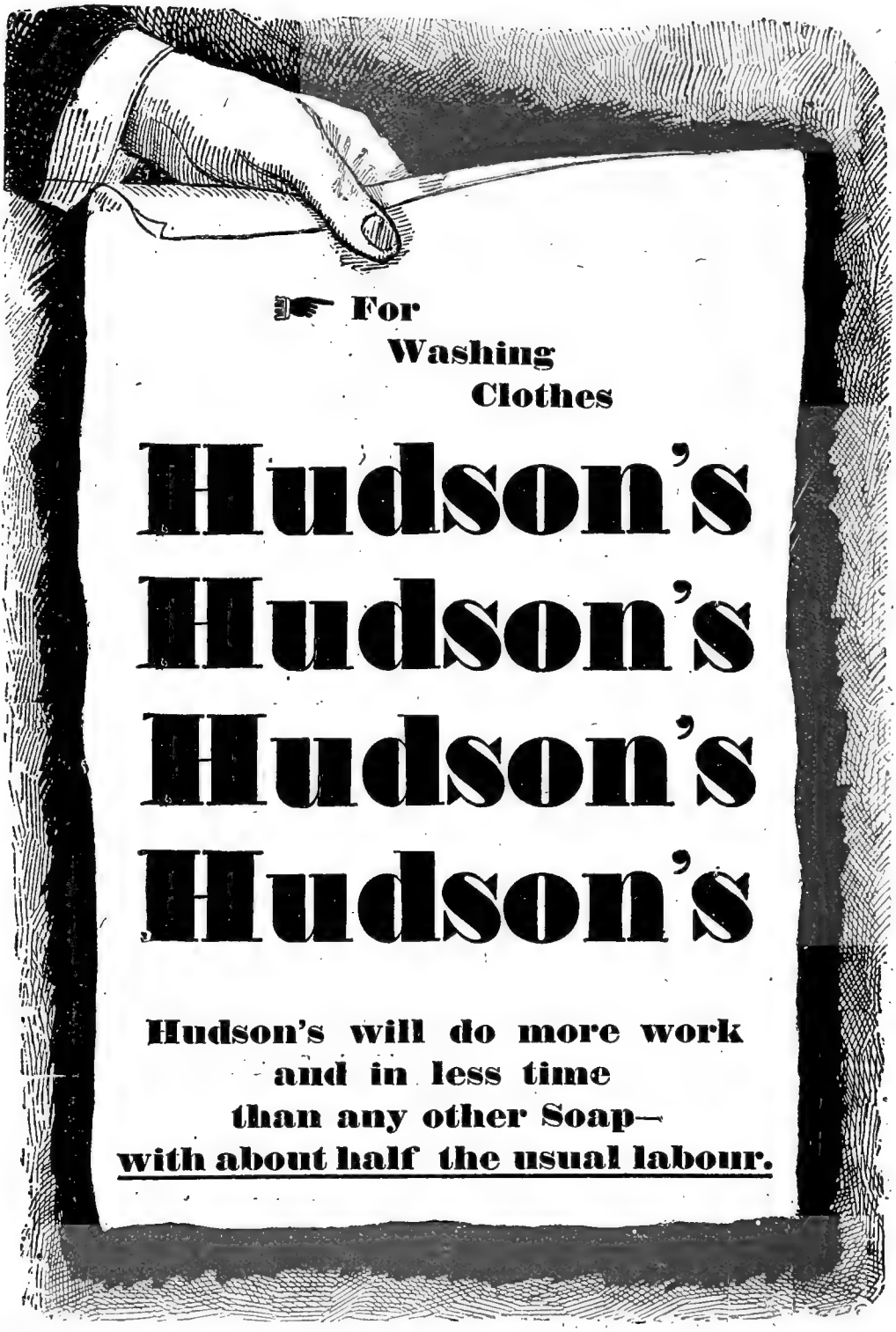
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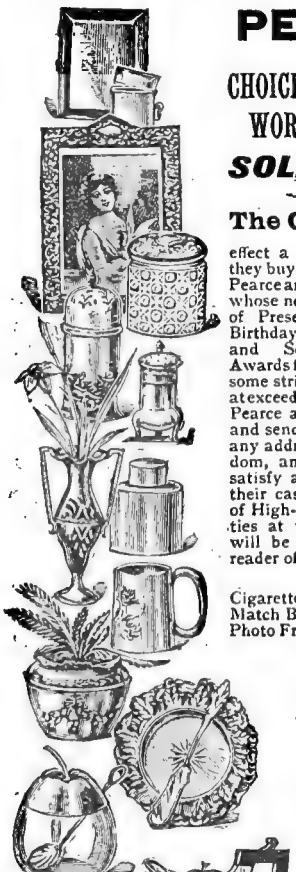

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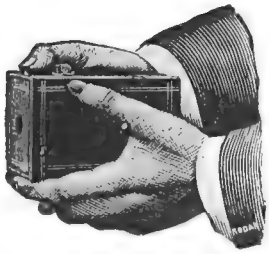

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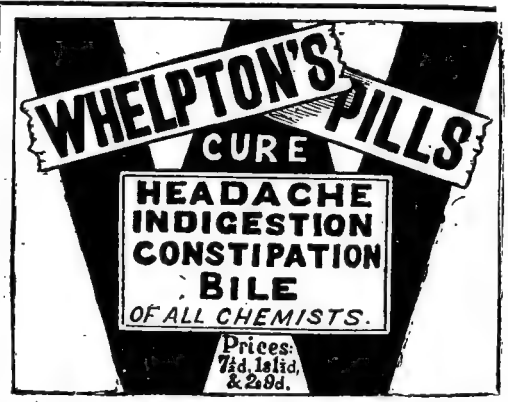

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"A MAN IN NOTHING BUT HIS NIGHTSHIRT RUSHED OUT EXCITEDLY AND . . . . LITERALLY THREW HIMSELF ON THE SUSPECTED INDIVIDUAL."

(See page 109.)

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From the Stalls.

Photo, Bassano

SUZANNE SHELDON.

She is a Yankee born and bred, but she left her native country for the first time at the age of sixteen. Her first London success was at the Lyceum, and later on in '99 her acting at the Adelphi created quite a *furore*. Miss Sheldon is extremely fond of music; but her chief delights are riding and driving. She can do pretty well anything on a horse—except fall off.

ETHEL MATHEWS

Some may say one thing, some another; taste differs widely and fancy is capricious; but I think we all agree that Miss Ethel Mathews is the loveliest and most elegant woman on the English stage. Her acting has that rarest charm of being absolutely untheatrical; her voice is so eminently well-bred; her movements so perfectly easy—you never tire of hearing her or watching her. "I used to write when I was a girl," she said, "and contributed several stories to various children's magazines. The footlights, however, proved too attractive, and I discarded literature for the stage." She loves out-of-door exercise—"cycling, and tennis, don't you know; and shooting's a very favourite pastime of mine—pigeon shooting especially. I'm not a great hand at the gun, but I can hold my own—I'm not dangerous, don't you know!" And Miss Mathews smiled.

Photo, Ellis & Walery.

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Photo Ellis & Walery

EVELYN MILLARD.

Miss Millard is emphatically not one of those who go on the stage in order to make money. It was sheer love of the art that made her its beautiful devotee, and her marriage to a rich man has in no way damped her ardour.

But it is doubtful whether she will ever attain to real greatness, and that in spite of all her advantages of voice and presence and beauty.

The secret of the success of the Bernhardts and Terrys of the stage is their wonderful capacity for entirely forgetting themselves in the parts they happen to be playing. Miss Millard has not as yet been able to accomplish this. She seems always to be aware of the hundreds of admiring eyes that eagerly follow her every gesture.

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ISABEL JAY.

Success is, indeed, an insatiate mistress; she leaves those she feeds hungrier than ever. Take the case of Miss Isabel Jay—a young lady, I dare swear, but recently out of her teens. She went on the stage in '97, and almost since the day of her *debut* has played *prima donna* parts.

"And yet," she confides, "my ambition is to leave the operatic stage and become a dramatic actress!"

Her envy and delight is Miss Winifred Emery—the envy, one notices, of many actresses. Well, Miss Jay has our best wishes!

But will she, one wonders, leave the stage after her marriage with Mr. Cavendish? Let us hope not. There are too few actresses on the English stage so charming as Miss Jay!

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AMY . . . COLERIDGE.

When these lines were written Miss Coleridge was playing in *Sweet Prue* at the Court Theatre, she is now engaged in impersonating "Good Queen Bess" in Messrs. Calvert's and Moulliot's new play, *Elizabeth*. London knows as yet but little of this charming actress; in the provinces, and in Manchester especially, she has long been a prime favourite, whilst during her South African tour she took the hearts of both English and Dutch by storm.

Pleasant to look at, intelligent, graceful, and industrious, she is an actress we have not heard the last of.

Photo, Bassano.

Photo, Bassano.

BLANCHE - - THORPE. - - -

She has only been on the boards a short while, and Mr. George Edwardes has not as yet thought fit to intrust her with very important parts. Handsome and picturesque in appearance, Miss Thorpe's face is an index to her character. She is strong-willed and determined, and will get on.

"With hard study and perseverance I mean to work my way gradually to a better position." Observe her when you happen to be at the Gaiety. She is certain to impress you as one who will do great things in the days to come.

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Photo, Langfier.

SARAH BROOKE.

It was as understudy to Mrs. Patrick Campbell that Miss Brooke first came to the fore. In figure and face she resembles somewhat that great actress, being both dark and slender. But her style is altogether different from Mrs. Campbell's; she does not possess her nervous intensity, she is elegant and suave; her movements are slow and stately, not rapid and arresting.

Miss Brooke, when she takes part in modern society plays, forms an immense attraction to women generally. This on account of her dresses. No actress on the English stage shows such consummate appreciation of her own outward appearance, and no other actress's outward appearance is so thoroughly appreciated.

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Photo, London Stereoscopic Co.

DOROTHEA BAIRD.

Miss Dorothea Baird, who made her first appearance as a member of Mr. Benson's Shakespeare Company, is one of those lucky people who go to sleep unknown and wake up famous.

She owes her success to the fact that Mr. Tree once happened to see her act, when he was about to produce Trilby; and he immediately offered her the title role in that play.

Miss Baird has married into a talented family, her husband being Mr. H. B. Irving, the eldest son of Sir Henry.

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MARIE DAINTON.

She made her *début* on the music-hall stage as a mimic, and high comedy is the goal of her ambition. Miss Dainton is a lively girl, dark and graceful, glad to talk about herself, and fond of novel reading. She loves Stanley Weyman (his books), and dropped tears on the pages of "An Englishwoman's Love-letters."

The Americans fill her with astonishment. "When I was over there they determined to advertise me—and their methods are bewildering! One morning I picked up a newspaper and saw it stated that I had come into £10,000. Alas! an advertising dodge and nothing more! On another occasion an enterprising Yankee informed me that he had carefully prepared a motor-car accident, with myself as chief victim. I respectfully declined. Yes, indeed, the Americans are original."

And Miss Dainton shook her head and laughed.

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Photo, Ellis & Walery

JULIA NEILSON.

Miss Julia Neilson's first intention was to become a public singer, and with that idea she entered the Royal Academy of Music, and there had a very successful career, winning several scholarships and medals But when she went on the stage to get experience, she liked it so much that he has stayed there ever since. "I used to be very fond of cycling and swimming," she says, "and should be now, but I am so busy that I never get any time."

CYRIL - - MAUDE. -

His parents never meant him for the stage. He began his education at a school kept by a friend of Kingsley's, and numbered among his schoolfellows Lord Curzon. He went to Charterhouse, and after some years was sent to an army crammer's. But the allurements of the stage proved too strong for the lad, and with his parents' consent (wonderful to relate), he commenced working at elocution, fencing, and so forth, to prepare him for the boards. His studies were interrupted by a serious illness, which necessitated a voyage to Australia, and afterwards he was dispatched to Canada to live an out-of-door life, farming with his brother. It was in the spring of 1884 that he started what has proved a most successful theatrical career.

Photo, Ellis & Walery.

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Photo, Window & Grove.

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell is not the first in her family to show a talent for pleasing the public. Her mother used to perform in a circus, and with her two sisters used to accomplish marvellous feats of horsemanship.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell has never yet acted in America, but once when "The Musketeers" was being prepared in New York, she received an offer of £100 a week to take the chief part. She refused, and, thinking to name a prohibitive sum, asked £200. This offer was accepted by cable, but she coolly cabled back, refusing her own terms.

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THE ROBBERY IN PHILLIMORE TERRACE.

Being the Second of a Series of Stories entitled "London's Mysteries,"

BY

BARONESS E. ORCZY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE MAN *with the piece of string who explains the mystery to*
THE LADY JOURNALIST.
FERDINAND KNOPF (*a diamond agent*).
ROBERTSON (*his servant*).
ARTHUR SHIPMAN (*a diamond merchant*).
A TRAMP (*suspected of two diamond robberies*).
FRANCIS HOWARD (*a detective*).

I.

WHETHER I really did expect to see the man in the corner that Saturday afternoon, I am sure I could not say; certain it is, that when I found my way to the table close by the window and realised that he was not there, I felt conscious of an overwhelming sense of disappointment. And yet during the whole of the week I had, with more pride than wisdom, avoided this particular A.B.C. shop.

"I thought you would not keep away very long," said a quiet voice close to me.

I nearly lost my balance—where in the world had he come from? I certainly had not heard the slightest sound, and yet there he sat, in the corner, like a veritable Jack-in-the-box, his mild blue eyes staring apologetically at me, his nervous fingers toying with the inevitable bit of string.

The waitress brought him his glass of milk and a cheese-cake. He ate it in silence while his piece of string lay idly beside him on the table. When he had finished, he fumbled in his capacious pockets, and drew out the inevitable pocket-book.

Placing a small photograph before me, he said quietly:

"That is the back of the houses in Phillimore Terrace, which overlook Adam and Eve Mews."

I looked at the photograph, then at him, with a kindly look of indulgent expectancy.

"You will notice that the row of back gardens have each an exit into the mews. These mews are built in the shape of a capital F. The photograph is taken looking straight down the short horizontal line, which ends, as you see, in a *cul-de-sac*. The bottom of the vertical line turns into Phillimore Terrace, and the end of the upper long horizontal line into High Street, Kensington. Now, on that particular night, or rather early morning, of January 15th, Constable D 21, having turned into the mews from Phillimore Terrace, stood for a moment at the angle formed by the long vertical artery of the mews and the short horizontal one

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which, as I observed before, looks on to the back gardens of the Terrace houses, and ends in a *cul-de-sac*.

"How long D 21 stood at that particular corner he could not exactly say, but he thinks it must have been three or four minutes before he noticed a suspicious-looking individual shambling along under the shadow of the garden walls. He was working his way cautiously in the direction of the *cul-de-sac*, and D 21, also keeping well within the shadow, went noiselessly after him.

"He had almost overtaken him—was, in fact, not more than thirty yards from him—when from out of one of the two end houses—No. 22, Phillimore Terrace, in fact—a man, in nothing but his night shirt, rushed out excitedly, and, before D 21 had time to intervene, literally threw himself upon the suspected individual, rolling over and over with him on the hard cobble-stones, and frantically shrieking: 'Thief! Thief! Police!'

"It was some time before the constable succeeded in rescuing the tramp from the excited grip of his assailant, and several minutes before he could make himself heard:

"'There! there! that'll do!' he managed to say at last, as he gave the man in the shirt a vigorous shove, which silenced him for the moment. 'Leave the man alone now, you mustn't make that noise this time o' night, wakin up all the folks.' The unfortunate tramp, who, in the meanwhile had managed to get on to his feet again, made no attempt to get away; probably he thought he would stand but a poor chance. But the man in the shirt had partly recovered his power of speech, and was now blurting out jerky, half-intelligible sentences:

"'I have been robbed—robbed—I—that is—my master—Mr. Knopf—The desk is open—the diamonds gone—all in my charge—and—now they are stolen! That's the thief—I'll swear—I heard him—not three minutes ago—I rushed downstairs—the door into the garden was smashed—I ran across the garden—he was sneaking about here still—Thief! Thief! Police! Diamonds! Constable, don't let him go—I'll make you responsible if you let him go——'

"'Now then—that'll do!' admonished D 21, as soon as he could get a word in, 'stop that row, will you?'

"The man in the shirt was gradually recovering from his excitement.

"'Can I give this man in charge?' he asked.

"'What for?'

"'Burglary and housebreaking. I heard him, I tell you. He must have Mr. Knopf's diamonds about him at this moment.'

"'Where is Mr. Knopf?'

"'Out of town,' groaned the man in the shirt. 'He went to Brighton last night and left me in charge, and now this thief has been and——'

"The tramp shrugged his shoulders and suddenly, without a word, he quietly began taking off his coat and waistcoat. These he handed across to the constable. Eagerly the

The waitress brought him his glass of milk and a cheese-cake.

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man in the shirt fell on them, and turned the ragged pockets inside out. From one of the windows a hilarious voice made some facetious remark, as the tramp with equal solemnity began divesting himself of his nether garments.

"'Now then, stop that nonsense,' pronounced D 21, severely, 'what were you doing here this time o' night, anyway?'

"'The streets o' London is free to the public, ain't they?' queried the tramp.

"'This don't lead nowhere, my man.'

"'Then I've lost my way that's all,' growled the man surlily, 'and p'raps you'll let me get along now.'

"By this time a couple of constables had appeared upon the scene. D 21 had no intention of losing sight of his friend the tramp, and the man in the shirt had again made a dash for the latter's collar at the bare idea that he should be allowed to 'get along.'

"I think D 21 was alive to the humour of the situation. He suggested that Robertson (the man in the night-shirt) should go in and get some clothes on, whilst he himself would wait for the inspector and the detective, whom D 15 would send round from the station immediately.

"Poor Robertson's teeth were chattering with cold. He had a violent fit of sneezing as D 21 hurried him into the house. The latter with another constable remained to watch the burglared premises both back and front, and D 15 took the wretched tramp to the station with a view to sending an inspector and a detective round immediately.

II.

"When the two latter gentlemen arrived at No. 22, Phillimore Terrace, they found poor old Robertson in bed, shivering, and still quite blue. He had got himself a hot drink, but his eyes were streaming and his voice was terribly husky. D 21 had stationed himself in the dining-room, where Robertson had pointed the desk out to him, with its broken lock and scattered contents.

"Robertson, between his sneezes, gave what account he could of the events which happened immediately before the robbery.

"His master, Mr. Ferdinand Knopf, he said, was a diamond merchant, and a bachelor. He himself had been in Mr. Knopf's employ over fifteen years, and was his only indoor servant. A charwoman came every day to do the housework.

"Last night Mr. Knopf dined at the house of Mr. Shipman, at No. 26, lower down. Mr. Shipman is the great jeweller who has his place of business in South Audley Street. By the last post there came a letter with the Brighton postmark, and marked 'urgent,' for Mr. Knopf, and he (Robertson) was just wondering if he should run over to No. 26 with it, when his master returned. He gave one glance at the contents of the letter, asked for his A.B.C. Railway Guide, and ordered him (Robertson) to pack his bag at once and fetch him a cab.

"'I guessed what it was,' continued Robertson after another violent fit of sneezing. 'Mr. Knopf has a brother, Mr. Emile Knopf, to whom he is very much attached, and who is a great invalid. He generally goes about from one seaside place to another. He is now at Brighton, and has recently been very ill.

"'If you will take the trouble to go downstairs I think you will still find the letter lying on the hall table.

"'I read it, after Mr. Knopf left; it was not from his brother but from a gentleman who signed himself J. Collins, M.D. I don't remember the exact words, but, of course, you'll be able to read the letter—Mr. J. Collins said he had been called in very suddenly to see Mr. Emile Knopf, who, he added, had not many hours to live, and had begged of the doctor to communicate at once with his brother in London.

"'Before leaving, Mr. Knopf warned me that there were some valuables in his desk—diamonds mostly, and told me to be particularly careful about locking up the house. He often has left me like this in charge of his premises, and usually there have been diamonds in his desk, for Mr. Knopf has no regular city office, as he is a commercial traveller.'

"The detective and inspector, before returning to the station with their report, thought they would call at No. 26, on Mr. Shipman, the great jeweller.

"You remember, of course," added the man in the corner, dreamily contemplating his bit of string, "the exciting developments of this extraordinary case. Mr. Arthur Shipman is the head of the firm of Shipman and Co., the wealthy jewellers. He is a widower, and lives very quietly by himself in his own old-fashioned way in the small Kensington house, leaving it to his two married sons to keep up the style and swagger befitting the representatives of so wealthy a firm.

"'I have only known Mr. Knopf a very little while,' he explained to the detectives. 'He sold me two or three stones once or twice, I think, but we are both single men,

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and we have often dined together. Last night he dined with me. He had that afternoon received a very fine consignment of Brazilian diamonds, as he told me, and knowing how beset I am with callers at my business place, he had brought the stones with him, hoping, perhaps, to do a bit of trade over the nuts and wine.

"'I bought £25,000 worth of him,' added the jeweller, as if he were speaking of so many farthings, 'and gave him a cheque across the dinner table for that amount. I think we were both pleased with our bargain, and we had a final bottle of '48 port over it together. Mr. Knopf left me at about 9.30, for he knows I go very early to bed, and I took my new stock upstairs with me and locked it up in the safe. I certainly heard nothing of the noise in the mews last night. I sleep on the second floor in the front of the house, and this is the first I have heard of poor Mr. Knopf's loss——'

"At this point of his narrative Mr. Shipman very suddenly paused, and his face became very pale. With a hasty word of excuse he unceremoniously left the room, and the detective heard him running quickly upstairs.

"Less than two minutes later Mr. Shipman returned. There was no need for him to speak, both the detective and the inspector guessed the truth in a moment by the look upon his face.

"'The diamonds ——!' he gasped. 'I have been robbed.

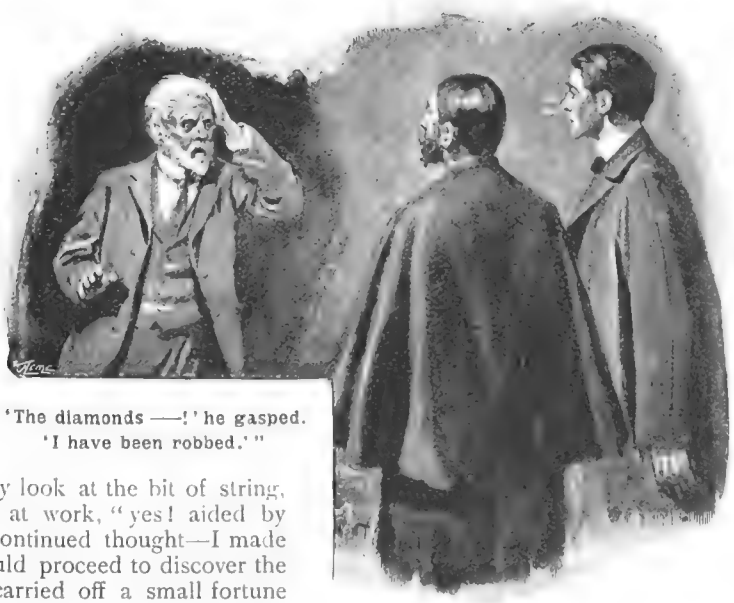
III.

"Now I must tell you," continued the man in the corner, "that after I had read the account of the double robbery which appeared in the early afternoon papers, I set to work and had a good think—yes!" he added with a smile, noting my look at the bit of string, on which he was still at work, "yes! aided by this small adjunct to continued thought—I made notes as to how I should proceed to discover the clever thief, who had carried off a small fortune in a single night. Of course, my methods are not those of a London detective; he has his own way of going to work. The one who was conducting this case questioned the unfortunate jeweller very closely about his servants and his household generally.

"'I have three servants,' explained Mr. Shipman, 'two of whom have been with me for many years; one, the housemaid, is a fairly newcomer—she has been here about six months. She came recommended by a friend, and bore an excellent character. She and the parlour-maid room together. The cook, who knew me when I was a schoolboy, sleeps alone; all three servants sleep on the floor above. I locked the jewels up in the safe which stands in the dressing-room. My keys and watch I placed as usual beside my bed. As a rule, I am a fairly light sleeper.

"'I cannot understand how it could have happened—but—you had better come up and have a look at the safe. The key must have been abstracted from my bedside, the safe opened, and the keys replaced—all while I was fast asleep. Though I had no occasion to look into the safe until just now, I should have discovered my loss before going to business, for I intended to take the diamonds away with me—'

"The detective and the inspector went up to have a look at the safe. The lock had in no way been tampered with—it had been opened



"'The diamonds ——!' he gasped. 'I have been robbed.'"

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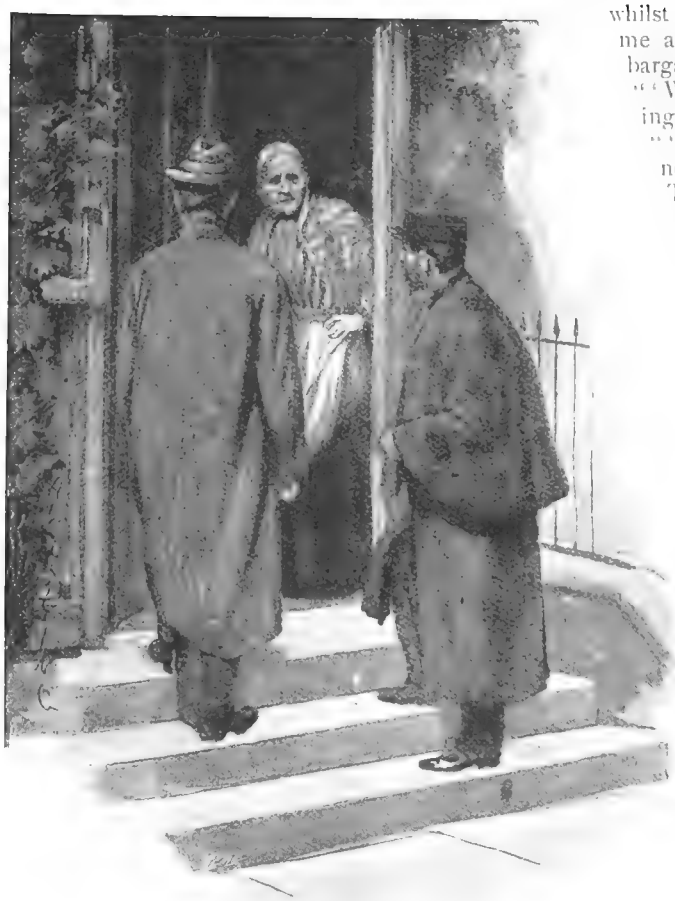

"The door was opened by the old charwoman."

with its own key. The detective spoke of chloroform, but Mr. Shipman declared that when he woke in the morning at about half-past seven, there was no smell of chloroform in the room. However, the proceedings of the daring thief certainly pointed to the use of an anæsthetic. An examination of the premises brought to light the fact that the burglar had, as in Mr. Knopf's house, used the glass-panelled door from the garden as a means of entrance, but in this instance he had carefully cut out the pane of glass with a diamond, slipped the bolts, turned the key, and walked in.

"'Which among your servants knew that you had the diamonds in your house last night, Mr. Shipman?' asked the detective.

"'Not one, I should say,' replied the jeweller, 'though, perhaps, the parlour-maid, whilst waiting at table may have heard me and Mr. Knopf discussing our bargain.'

"'Would you object to my searching all your servants' boxes?'

"'Certainly not. They would not object, either, I am sure. They are perfectly honest.'

"The searching of servants' belongings is invariably a useless proceeding," added the man in the corner with a shrug of the shoulders. "No one, not even a latter-day domestic, would be fool enough to keep stolen property in the house. However, the usual farce was gone through, with more or less protest on the part of Mr. Shipman's servants, and with the usual results.

"The jeweller could give no further information; the detective and inspector, to do them justice, did their work of investigation minutely, and, what is more, intelligently. It seemed evident, from their deductions, that the burglar had commenced proceedings on No. 26, Phillimore Terrace, and had then gone on, probably climbing over the garden walls between the houses to No. 22, where he was almost caught in the act by Robertson. The facts were simple enough, but the mystery remained as to the individual who had managed to glean the information of the presence of the diamonds in both the houses, and the means which he had adopted to get that information. It was obvious that the thief or thieves knew more about Mr. Knopf's affairs than Mr. Shipman's, since they had known how to use Mr. Emile Knopf's name, in order to get his brother out of the way.

"It was now nearly ten o'clock, and the detectives, having taken leave of Mr. Shipman, went back to No. 22, in order to ascertain whether Mr. Knopf had come back; the door was opened by the old charwoman, who said that her master had returned, and was having some breakfast in the dining-room.

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"Mr. Ferdinand Knopf was a middle-aged man, with sallow complexion, black hair and beard, of obviously Hebrew extraction. He spoke with a marked foreign accent, but very courteously, to the two officials, who, he begged, would excuse him if he went on with his breakfast.

"'I was fully prepared to hear the bad news,' he explained, 'which my man Robertson told me when I arrived. The letter I got last night was a bogus one; there is no such person as J. Collins, M.D. My brother had never felt better in his life. You will, I am sure, very soon trace the cunning writer of that epistle—ah! but I was in a rage, I can tell you, when I got to the Metropole at Brighton, and found that Emile, my brother, had never heard of any Doctor Collins.

"'The last train to town had gone, although I raced back to the station as hard as I could. Poor old Robertson, he has a terrible cold—Ah yes! my loss! it is for me a very serious one; if I had not made that lucky bargain with Mr. Shipman last night, I should perhaps, at this moment, be a ruined man.

"'The stones I had yesterday were, firstly, some magnificent Brazilians; these I sold to Mr. Shipman mostly. Then I had some very good Cape diamonds—all gone; and some quite special Parisians, of wonderful work and finish, intrusted to me for sale by a great French house. I tell you, sir, my loss will be nearly £10,000 altogether. I sell on commission, and, of course, have to make good the loss.'

"He was evidently trying to bear up manfully and as a business man should, under his sad fate. He refused in any way to attach the slightest blame to his old and faithful servant Robertson, who had caught, perhaps, his death of cold in his zeal for his absent master. As for any hint of suspicion falling even remotely upon the man, the very idea appeared to Mr. Knopf absolutely preposterous.

"With regard to the old charwoman, Mr. Knopf certainly knew nothing about her, beyond the fact that she had been recommended to him by one of the tradespeople in the neighbourhood, and seemed perfectly honest, respectable and sober.

"About the tramp Mr. Knopf knew still less, nor could he imagine how he, or in fact anybody else, could possibly know that he happened to have diamonds in his house that night.

"This certainly seemed the great hitch in the case.

"Mr. Ferdinand Knopf, at the instance of the police, later on went to the station and had a look at the suspected tramp. He declared that he had never set eyes on him before.

"Mr. Shipman, on his way home from business in the afternoon, had done likewise, and made a similar statement.

"Brought before the magistrate, the tramp gave but a poor account of himself. He gave a name and address, which latter, of course, proved to be false. After that he absolutely refused to speak. He seemed not to care whether he was kept in custody or not. Very soon even the police realised that, for the present, at any rate, nothing could be got out of the suspected tramp.

"Mr. Francis Howard, the detective, who had charge of the case, though he would not admit it even to himself, was at his wits' ends. You must remember that the burglary, through its very simplicity, was an exceedingly mysterious affair. The constable, D 21, who had stood in Adam and Eve mews, presumably while Mr. Knopf's house was being robbed, had seen no one turn out from the *cul de sac* into the main passage of the mews.

"The stables, which immediately faced the back entrance of the Phillimore Terrace houses, were all private ones belonging to residents in the neighbourhood. The coachmen, their families, and all the grooms who slept in the stablings were rigidly watched and questioned. One and all had seen nothing, heard nothing, until Robertson's shrieks had roused them from their sleep.

"As for the letter from Brighton, it was absolutely commonplace, and written upon notepaper which the detective, with Macchiavellian cunning, traced to a stationer's shop in West Street. But the trade at that particular shop was a very brisk one; scores of people had bought notepaper there, similar to that on which the supposed doctor had written his tricky letter. The handwriting was cramped, perhaps a disguised one; in any case, except under very exceptional circumstances, it could afford no clue to the identity of the thief. Needless to say, the tramp, when told to write his name, wrote a totally different, and absolutely uneducated hand.

"Matters stood, however, in the same persistently mysterious state when a small discovery was made, which suggested to Mr. Francis Howard an idea, which, if properly carried out, would, he hoped, inevitably bring the cunning burglar safely within the grasp of the police.

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IV.

"That was the discovery of a few of Mr. Knopf's diamonds," continued the man in the corner after a slight pause, "evidently trampled into the g ound by the thief, whilst making his hurried exit through the garden of No. 22, Phillimore Terrace.

"At the end of this garden there is a small studio which had been built by a former owner of the house, and behind it a small piece of waste ground about seven feet square which had once been a rockery, and is still filled with large, loose stones, in the shadow of which earwigs and woodlice innumerable have made a happy hunting ground.

"It was Robertson who, two days after the robbery, having need one day of a large stone, for some household purpose or other, dislodged one from that piece of waste ground, and found a few shining pebbles beneath it. Mr. Knopf took them round to the police station himself immediately, and identified the stones as some of his Parisian ones

"Later on the detective went to view the place where the find had been made, and there conceived the plan upon which he built his cherished hopes.

"Acting upon the advice of Mr. Francis Howard, the police decided to let the anonymous tramp out of his safe retreat within the station, and to allow him to wander whithersoever he chose. A good idea, perhaps—the presumption being that, sooner or later, if the man was in any way mixed up with the cunning thieves, he would either rejoin his comrades or even lead the police to where the remnant of his hoard lay hidden; needless to say, his footsteps were to be literally dogged.

"The wretched tramp on his discharge wandered out of the yard, wrapping his thin coat round his shoulders, for it was a bitterly cold afternoon. He began operations by turning into the Town Hall Tavern for a good feed and a copious drink. Mr. Francis Howard noted that he seemed to eye every passer-by with suspicion, but he seemed to enjoy his dinner and sat some time over his bottle of wine.

"It was close upon four o'clock when he left the tavern, and then began for the indefatigable Mr. Howard one of the most wearisome and uninteresting chases through the mazes of the London streets he ever remembers to have made. Up Notting Hill, down the slums of Notting Dale, along the High Street, beyond Hammersmith, and through Shepherd's Bush did that anonymous tramp lead the unfortunate detective, never hurrying himself, stopping every now and then at a public house to get a drink, whither Mr. Howard did not always care to follow him.

"In spite of his fatigue, Mr. Francis Howard's hopes rose with every half hour of this weary tramp. The man was obviously striving to kill time; he seemed to feel no weariness, but walked on and on, perhaps suspecting that he was being followed.

"At last, with a beating heart, though half perished with cold, and with terribly sore feet, the detective began to realise that the tramp was gradually working his way back towards Kensington. It was then close upon eleven o'clock at night; once or twice the man had walked up and down the High Street, from St. Paul's School to Derry and Toms' shops and back again, he had looked down one or two of the side streets and—at last—he turned into Phillimore Terrace. He seemed in no hurry, he even stopped once in the middle of the road, trying to light a pipe, which, as there was a high east wind, took him some considerable time. Then he leisurely sauntered down the street, and turned into Adam and Eve mews, with Mr. Francis Howard now close at his heels.

"Acting upon the detective's instructions there were several men in plain clothes ready to his call in the immediate neighbourhood. Two stood within the shadow of the steps of the Congregational Church at the corner of the mews, others were stationed well within a soft call.

"Hardly, therefore, had the hare turned into the *cul de sac* at the back of Phillimore Terrace than, at a slight sound from Mr. Francis Howard, every egress was barred to him, and he was caught like a rat in a trap.

"As soon as the tramp had advanced some thirty yards or so (the whole length of this part of the mews is about one hundred yards) and was lost in the shadow, Mr. Francis Howard directed four or five of his men to proceed cautiously up the mews, whilst the same number were to form a line all along the front of Phillimore Terrace between the mews and the High Street.

"Remember, the back garden walls threw long and dense shadows, but the silhouette of the man would be clearly outlined if he made any attempt at climbing over them. Mr. Howard felt quite sure that the thief was bent on recovering the stolen goods, which, no doubt, he had hidden in the rear of one of the houses. He would be caught *in flagrante delicto*, and with a heavy sentence hovering over him, he would probably be induced to

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name his accomplice. Mr. Francis Howard was thoroughly enjoying himself.

"The minutes sped on; absolute silence, in spite of the presence of so many men, reigned in the dark and deserted mews.

"Of course, this night's adventure was never allowed to get into the papers," added my curious interlocutor with his mild smile. "Had the plan been successful, we should have heard all about it, with a long eulogistic article as to the astuteness of our police; but as it was — well, the tramp sauntered up the mews—and — there he remained for aught Mr. Francis Howard or the other constables could ever explain. The earth or the shadows swallowed him up. No one saw him climb one of the garden walls, no one heard him break open a door; he had retreated within the shadow of the garden walls, and was seen or heard of no more."

He even stopped in the middle of the road, trying to light a pipe, which, as there was a high east wind, took him some considerable time."

"One of the servants in the Phillimore Terrace houses must have belonged to the gang," I said.

"Ah, yes! but which?" said the man in the corner, making a beautiful knot in his bit of string. "I can assure you that the police left not a stone unturned once more to catch sight of that tramp whom they had had in custody for two days, but not a trace of him could they find, nor of the diamonds, from that day to this.

V.

"The tramp was missing," continued the man in the corner, "and Mr. Francis Howard tried to find the missing tramp. Going round to the front, and seeing the lights at No. 26 still in, he called upon Mr. Shipman. The jeweller had had a few friends to dinner, and was giving them whiskies and sodas before saying good-night. The servants had just finished washing up, and were waiting to go to bed; neither they nor Mr Shipman nor his guests had seen or heard anything of the suspicious individual.

"Mr. Francis Howard went on to see Mr. Ferdinand Knopf. This gentleman was having his warm bath, preparatory to going to bed. So Robertson told the detective. However, Mr. Knopf insisted on talking to Mr. Howard through his bath-room door. Mr. Knopf thanked him for all the trouble he was taking, and felt sure that he and Mr. Shipman would soon recover possession of their diamonds, thanks to the persevering detective.

"He! he! he!" laughed the man in the corner. "Poor Mr. Howard. He persevered—but got no farther; no, nor anyone else, for that matter. Even I might not be able to convict the thieves if I told all I knew to the police.

"Now follow my reasoning, point by point," he added eagerly.

"Who knew of the presence of the diamonds in the house of Mr. Shipman and Mr. Knopf? Firstly," he said, putting up an ugly clawlike finger, "Mr. Shipman, then Mr. Knopf, then, presumably, the man Robertson."

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"And the tramp?" I said.

"Leave the tramp alone for the present since he has vanished, and take point number two. Mr. Shipman was drugged. That was pretty obvious; no man under ordinary circumstances would, without waking, have his keys abstracted and then replaced at his own bedside. Mr. Howard suggested that the thief was armed with some anæsthetic; but how did the thief get into Mr. Shipman's room without waking him from his natural sleep? Is it not simpler to suppose that the thief had taken the precaution to drug the jeweller *before* the latter went to bed?"

"But——" I argued.

"Wait a moment, and take point number three. Though there was every proof that Mr. Shipman had been in possession of £25,000 worth of goods since Mr. Knopf had a cheque from him for that amount, there was no proof that in Mr. Knopf's house there was even an odd stone worth a sovereign.

"And then again," went on the scarecrow, getting more and more excited, "did it ever strike you, or anybody else, that at *no* time, while the tramp was in custody, while all that searching examination was being gone on with, no one ever saw Mr. Knopf and his man Robertson together at the same time?

"Ah!" he continued, seeing that suddenly I had seen the whole thing as in a vision, "they did not forget a single detail—follow them with me, point by point. Two cunning scoundrels—geniuses they should be called—well-provided with some ill-gotten funds—but determined on a grand *coup*. They play at respectability, for six months, say. One is the master, the other the servant; they take a house in the same street as their intended victim, make friends with him, accomplish one or two creditable but very small business transactions, always drawing on the reserve funds, which might even have amounted to a few hundreds—and a bit of credit.

"Then the Brazilian diamonds, and the Parisians—which, remember, were so perfect that they required chemical testing to be detected. The Parisian stones are sold—not in business, of course—in the evening, after dinner and a good deal of wine. Mr. Knopf's Brazilians were beautiful; perfect! Mr. Knopf was a well-known diamond merchant.

"Mr. Shipman bought—but with the morning would have come sober sense, the cheque stopped before it could have been presented, the swindler caught. No! those exquisite Parisians were never intended to rest in Mr. Shipman's safe until the morning. That last bottle of '48 port, with the aid of a powerful soporific, insured that Mr. Shipman would sleep undisturbed during the night.

"Ah! remember all the details, they were so admirable! the letter posted in Brighton by the cunning rogue to himself, the smashed desk, the broken pane of glass in his own house. The man Robertson on the watch, while Knopf himself in ragged clothing found his way into No. 26. If Constable D 21 had not appeared upon the scene that exciting comedy in the early morning would not have been enacted. As it was, in the supposed fight, Mr. Shipman's diamonds passed from the hands of the tramp into those of his accomplice.

"Then, later on, Robertson, ill in bed, while his master was supposed to have returned—by the way, it never struck anybody that no one saw Mr. Knopf come home, though he surely should have driven up in a cab. Then the double part played by one man for the next two days. It certainly never struck either the police or the inspector. Remember they only saw Robertson when in bed with a streaming cold. But Knopf had to be got out of gaol as soon as possible; the dual *rôle* could not have been kept up for long. Hence the story of the diamonds found in the garden of No. 22. The cunning rogues guessed that the usual plan would be acted upon, and the suspected thief allowed to visit the scene where his hoard lay hidden.

"It had all been foreseen, and Robertson must have been constantly on the watch. The tramp stopped, mind you, in Phillimore Terrace for some moments, lighting a pipe. The accomplice then was fully on the alert; he slipped the bolts of the back garden gate. Five minutes later Knopf was in the house, in a hot bath, getting rid of the disguise of our friend the tramp. Remember that again here the detective did not actually see him.

"The next morning Mr. Knopf, black hair and beard and all, was himself again. The whole trick lay in one simple art, which those two cunning rascals knew to absolute perfection, the art of impersonating one another.

"They are brothers, presumably — twin brothers, I should say."

"But Mr. Knopf ——" I suggested.

"Well, look in the Trades' Directory; you will see F. Knopf & Co., diamond merchants, of some City address. Ask about the firm among the trade; you will hear that they are based upon a sound financial basis. He! he! he! and they deserve to be," added the man in the corner, as, calling for the waitress, he received his ticket, and taking up his shabby hat, took himself and his bit of string rapidly out of the room.

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Magazines and Their Covers.

All Readers are requested to glance through this article, as it contains an Important Announcement for the future.

COMPARATIVELY speaking, it is only of quite recent years that some of the best and most popular English magazines have been sent into the world each month with a new design upon their covers. It was, we believe, in America that this idea first originated, and the credit of introducing it into England was due to the proprietors of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

The older magazines, THE STRAND, THE IDLER, and THE PALL MALL MAGAZINE, abstained, and perhaps wisely abstained, from following the new fashion set by their younger rival. It is true not one of their covers (if we make a possible exception of THE PALL MALL MAGAZINE, whose old cover was designed by Mr. Linley Sambourne) were especially remarkable either as regards colour or design, but the public had come to look upon them as ancient institutions, and being conservative for all its love of variety, it very strongly objects to have these institutions tampered with. Look at the cover of THE STRAND. Could anything be plainer and more unpretentious? And yet we venture to say that THE STRAND would greatly endanger its unique popularity should Sir George Newnes ever take it into his head to exchange this design for another, however beautiful or startling it might be.

But all the same, the phenomenal success of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE is probably not entirely due to its contents; the cover has also had something to do with it. It is an ideal magazine cover, being the only one that changes every month and yet may be known at a glance. THE ROYAL MAGAZINE and HARMSWORTH'S MAGAZINE, beautiful and striking as nearly all their cover designs undoubtedly are, present monthly such an entirely novel appearance as to give the casual passer-by the idea that yet another publication has been put upon the market. But every number of PEARSON'S has the rich yellow border we are so familiar with, and the

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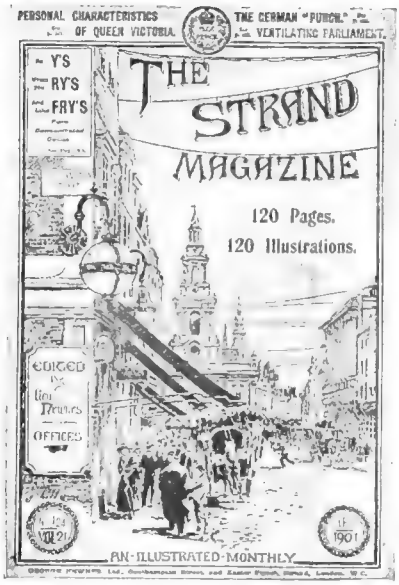

wonderful red that, without being in any way offensively glaring, attracts the eye in whatever position the magazine may be.

The immediate popularity and success of THE LADY'S MAGAZINE is also largely due to its changingly unchanging outward appearance. It is one of the most charming covers ever published. The delicate lilac

design has already become familiar to thousands. and thousands more expect with pleasure the new miniature which this design encompasses.

Now among the thirty-one numbers of THE ROYAL we have had many covers which have brought us hearty congratulations from all corners of the earth. All our readers must remember the ladies in a gondola with a blue background and the towers of Venice silhouetted against the distant sky—a design that brought a blush of pride into the editor's cheeks, so fervid, numerous, and unsolicited were the congratulations of his readers. The cover that showed a pink riband also met with general approval; a few facetious people objected, however, that it gave THE ROYAL the appearance of a box of choice French bon-bons—a heartlessly cruel thing to say to an editor who has ever manfully striven to delete anything too sweet from the pages of his magazine.

But, after all, he told himself, one can never please everybody—a truism which last month he discovered to be lacking in one little quality—truth. For the cover bearing a heraldic lion and a crown on a pure white background brought such a tempest of eulogy on his head not only from well-wishers, contributors, and readers, but also from the editors

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of rival magazines, that he was moved to wonder whether public opinion would force the King into bestowing upon him a knighthood or something of the sort.

"And why do you not always retain this beautiful cover? You will never get anything better." Such was the gist of so many of the congratulatory letters that, after mature deliberation, *it was decided to revert once more to this unique design, and to retain it at least for some months to come.*

But monotony must at all costs be avoided, and we have hit on a very adequate expedient for doing so. *Every month the design will appear in some new colour or tint.* All our readers remember the royal blue of the April number; this month the design is dark red. Orange, violet, purple, and other colours will be used in the coming numbers. In the future, therefore, no one will have any cause to complain that THE ROYAL comes every new month like a stranger into the world. The moment he catches sight of the crown and lion, he will at once recognise an old friend. What do our readers think of this change? Do they approve of it, or do they pine for something new every month? We should take it as a great favour if they would drop the editor a postcard with a line or two of criticism or approval, and, judging from the opinions we have already received, it is very evident that those who disapprove will be in the vast minority.

As to the contents of THE ROYAL—well, I think no one has complained of them as yet, and certainly no one will have cause to complain of them in the future.

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Mr. Dickson, with tent and apparatus, at Chieveley Camp in Natal.

By H. L. Adam.

Illustrated with Photographs by the Biograph Company.

It is doubtful if there is a more confirmed cosmopolitan than Mr. W. K. Laurie-Dickson, one of the four gentlemen who were the initiators of the Biograph.

From Land's End to John o' Groats, from China to Peru, on the sea and on the land, in the air above and under the earth beneath, this indefatigable photographer has travelled with his apparatus. And please do not imagine that by "apparatus" I mean the ordinary camera on a tripod, but implements weighing some hundredweights, with batteries, generators, etc., which, when set going, roar like a locomotive.

Many and varied have been the experiences encountered by Mr. Dickson, in all parts of the world, in his efforts to obtain exceptional subjects for the Biograph.

At the same time he creates a realistic, permanent, and unique record of great events in the lives of great people.

I presume nobody will be prepared to deny that the "Biographing" of Leo XIII. was the greatest thing ever accomplished in photography.

Queen Victoria driving in Windsor Park.

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It must be borne in mind that for eight years the Pope had not given a sitting to even an ordinary photographer, the exertion of so doing being considered too great. But Mr. Dickson would not be denied, and, with a liberal exercise of patience and

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diplomacy, performed what was deemed to be the impossible.

Let the traveller and diplomat narrate his experiences in his own words. We shall find him an excellent cicerone.

"Some time ago," says Mr. Dickson, 'an exhibition of Biograph pictures was given before President McKinley and some specially invited guests at Washington. Among the latter were the Apostolic Delegate, Mons. Martinelli, Cardinal Gibbons, and others. It occurred to these gentlemen that if the Biograph could obtain some pictures illustrative of the daily life of the Holy Father, it would be an excellent thing for the Roman Catholics of America, thousands upon thousands of whom would never otherwise be enabled to receive the Pope's benediction.

"The idea, once mooted, was not long being acted upon. I soon after set out for Rome, with the firm determination of obtaining access to the Vatican, and possessing myself of the coveted pictures. I was armed with powerful credentials in the shape of letters from influential ecclesiastical personages. Arrived there, I found that I possessed rivals in the field from England, France, and Germany.

"Although, at this period, I was conversant with several foreign languages, I knew nothing of Italian. It was almost essential that I should remedy this defect. I set myself to learn the language, and practically mastered it by the time I needed it.

"The Pope spoke French, but very little English—just a few words.

"I was four months in Rome before I succeeded in obtaining the Pope's consent. During that period I carried on constant negotiations with Count Sodarini, the chief officer of the Papal Court. But I owe my eventual success to the friendly offices of Count Pecci, the Pope's nephew, and an officer in the Pope's household.

"Well, altogether I took 17,000 pictures, the first series being while the Pope was on his way to the Sistine Chapel. On this occasion, for the purposes of the picture, the top of the Pope's carriage was let down, the

A unique photograph of one of the most famous scenes in the Transvaal war: The hoisting of the Union Jack on the Town Hall at Pretoria.

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first time for twenty years. Two other scenes were taken in the upper Loggia of the Vatican.

"I found the Pope a most lovable man, and owe much to his kindness. He took a great interest in the pictures, and on one occasion, having received some prints from London, I showed them to him. He was delighted, and exclaimed 'Wonderful! wonderful! See me blessing!'—referring to the one representing him giving the Apostolic blessing—and turning to Mons. della Volpa, he added. 'How splendid you look!' All the time he held my hand, which he pressed affectionately.

"To my application for the last picture the Pope demurred. 'What, another!' said he. I pressed my request, explaining that it would bring joy to the hearts of many of my countrymen if he would graciously condescend. And he did.

Queen Victoria visiting Eton College.

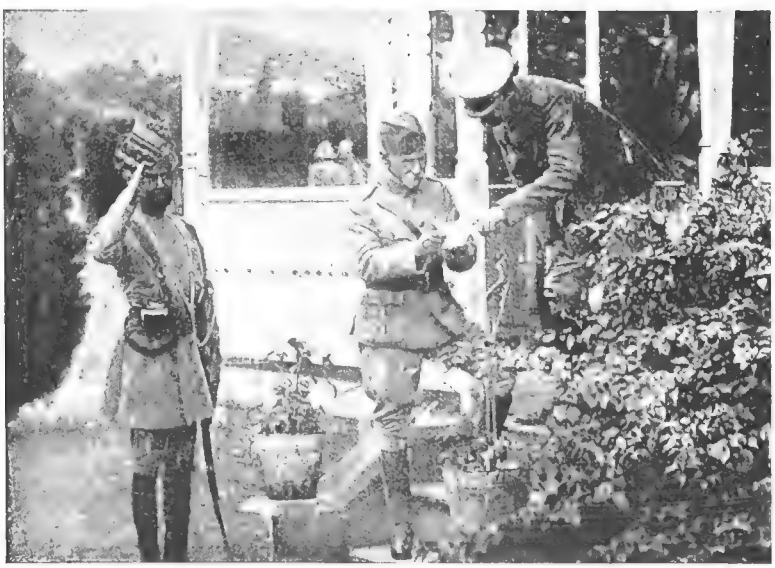
"After I had taken the first picture I was asked to give a guarantee that I would not photograph any of the Royal family in Rome. I offered my earnest assurance that I would carry out their wishes, and this materially assisted me in the remainder of my task.

"A visit to the Vatican gives one a vivid idea of Papal state, with the Swiss, Noble, and Palatine guards. In taking the views I had to don a black robe. None of the views may be shown in a place of secular amusement, nor without the authority of the Church.

"Altogether my visit lasted six months, and cost £1000."

Mr. Dickson will now tell us how he photographed Queen Margharita of Italy.

"While in Rome," continues Mr. Dickson, "I met at a small reception the Marchesa, Lady-in-waiting to Queen Margharita. Naturally the subject of the Bio-



Lord Roberts and his Indian orderly. The Commander-in-Chief has just received a dispatch.

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The late President Faure was "biographed" just before setting out on a shooting expedition.

graph came up for discussion, and I ventured to suggest that I should take some pictures of the Queen.

"The Marchesa, a charming lady, was delighted with the idea, and at once offered me her assistance. In view of my promise to the authorities of the Vatican, I could not carry out the idea in Rome, so it was eventually arranged to take place at the Queen's country residence, Villa Marina, Gressany, a mountainous district.

"In matters of this kind one must be patient and wait. So some little time elapsed before I ventured to wire to the Marchesa, reminding her of the

Doctor Jim: a hitherto unpublished photograph.

arrangement, and asking if I should come. Her reply was cordial: 'Yes, come by all means —come at once.' Accordingly I started out with my assistants and apparatus for Gressany. I travelled thus for hours, and at night arrived at a small village at the foot of the mountains. Here I halted, and sought out the Post Office, only to encounter an 'unmitigated staggerer.' A telegram was awaiting me from the Marchesa. 'Don't come—Queen away on a mountaineering expedition.' Here was a dilemma! I had to catch a train at one the next day, *en route* for London.

"It was a case of

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To enable Mr. Dickson to take this photograph, the top of the Pope's carriage was let down—the first time in twenty years.

transit, to take off his hat and pass his hand across his brow. In order to make my meaning clear, I went through the performance with two of my assistants. In the middle of it the President called out, 'But, who am I?' I indicated with a finger that I myself was supposed to be impersonating him.

"It was on this occasion that a curious mishap occurred. Just as the President was about to appear a wire snapped in my apparatus, rendering it useless. Luckily I thought of a silver penknife I had in my pocket, and, whipping it out, made the connection with it, and so saved the situation."

do or die, now or never. So I decided to push on up the mountains to the Villa Marina, and chance what fell out. After a few hours' rest I sent on the apparatus and followed.

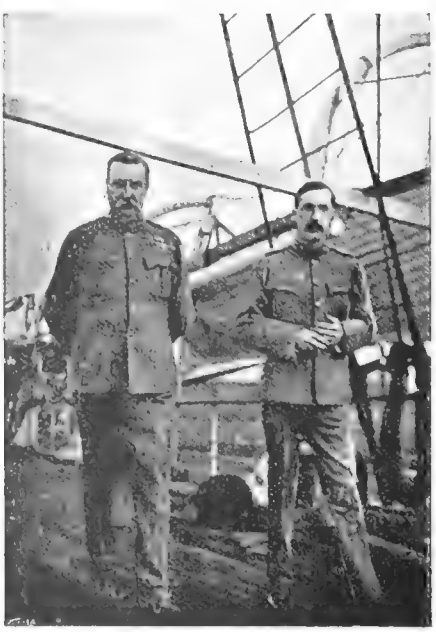
"Finally we reached our destination, and soon after the royal party returned, tired out. I was fortunate enough to encounter the Marchesa, and learned that it was Her Majesty's intention to sleep through the day. I explained my predicament, and the Marchesa, affable and willing as of yore, volunteered to mediate on my behalf. She explained the situation to the Queen, who, accordingly, most graciously agreed to alter her arrangements, and gave instructions to be called at eleven.

"I filled in the interim by getting everything in readiness. It was going to be close work. Prompt to the minute Queen Margharita appeared, and we soon arranged a picture. At the finish I had to go helter-skelter down the mountain, in order to catch my train.

"It was not a very difficult matter to photograph President McKinley, as his brother is a great friend of ours. It was, of course, through him that the matter was arranged.

"The pictures were taken in the garden of the Presidency, at Washington. We had a kind of rehearsal first. I just asked the President, in company with two officials, to walk from one spot to another, and, *en*

Mr. Dickson relates how he photographed



General Buller *en route* for South Africa.

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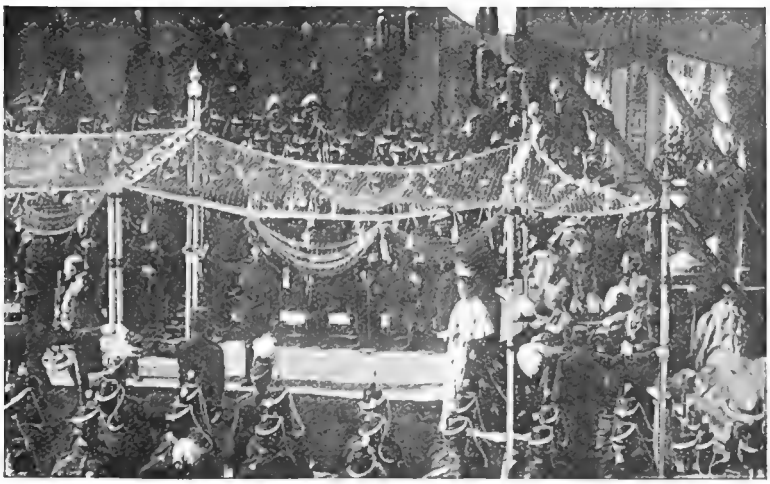


Queen Wilhelmina of Holland on the way to her coronation.

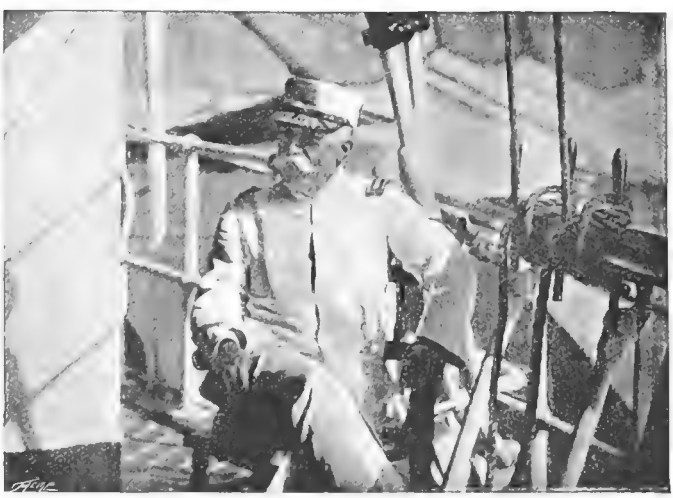
Admiral Dewey—a performance that presented many difficulties. The popular naval commander is what is frequently referred to as a "hard nut." But Mr. Dickson has quite a healthy and vigorous taste for this class of fruit, possessing some very serviceable "crackers." He set out from London with the avowed and determined intention of "capturing" the Admiral. He had for travelling companions Robert Barr and S. S. McClure. Arrived at Nice he put up at the Hotel Termini, taking an early train next morning for Villefranche Harbour, and finally a boat to the flagship *Olympia*.

Having boarded the vessel, he obtained an audience of Admiral Dewey, who refused point-blank to be confronted with the camera, adding he was tired of photographers. This did not disturb Mr. Dickson, who expected not only one but many refusals, and duly received them.

But perseverance was at length rewarded, and a reluctant consent was obtained. Back went the gratified photographer for his baggage, which was taken to the *Olympia* in small boats. Arrived at the vessel's side, another obstacle presented itself; the Admiral was indulging in his afternoon nap, and the apparatus could not be taken on board without first consulting him. So for four and a half hours Mr. Dickson possessed his soul in patience tramping up and down the deck. At the end of that period the "Hard Nut" arose and gave the word. The baggage was "shipped," sorted, erected, and covered with a tarpaulin. Exit Mr. Dickson till the following morning.

So far, so good. Mr. Dickson duly boarded the *Olympia* next morning, and encountering the Admiral, informed him he was quite ready. Said Dewey: "Oh! don't bother me." Then ensued the following dialogue: "Come now, Admiral," persisted Mr. Dickson, "I want you to walk from there, along there, seat yourself in that chair and—" "I will do nothing of the sort!" "I'm sure you will, Admiral. That chair is quite as comfortable as the one you are sitting in." "Oh! don't bother me." And, protesting, did it.

Mr. Dickson was, of course, "on the spot" at the crowning of the young Queen of Holland. His efforts to secure a favourable



The difficulties Mr. Dickson had to contend with before "capturing" Admiral Dewey, are graphically described in the text.

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Queen Margharita of Italy was "biographed" at her country residence, Villa Marina, in Gressany.

coign of vantage, throw considerable light on the insatiable cupidity of the Hollander.

"The spot I selected, was a corner house, which commanded a good view of the approach to and entry into the church. The price charged was fabulous, and rose every day on a kind of sliding scale. On the day of the ceremony there were fourteen of us to be passed into the house, and at the last moment the authorities tried to exclude me in order to extort another 50 guldens. I threatened to retire elsewhere with the *whole of the money*, when they promptly conceded the extra. Arrived upstairs I found the window I was to work from covered with a flag. To take this down would have been an indignity, so I tied up one corner and so made a space for the camera."

The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York at Oxford.

While in Paris on one occasion, Mr. Dickson obtained an introduction to the late President Faure, who very kindly consented to be "Biographed." It was arranged to take place on a day when the President was out with a shooting party. Every facility was placed in the operator's way, as in the case of the U. S. President.

Another interesting ceremony, at which Mr. Dickson

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was present, was the laying of a corner stone of a new barracks at Buda Pesth, by the Emperor Franz Josef. The occasion was made a kind of "meeting of the Emperors," of Russia, Germany, and Austria.

For ten months Mr. Dickson was in South Africa, nearly the whole of which time he boarded, lodged, and trekked with 4.7. He had a very good opportunity of studying the Boer character. In reply to my query as to what he thought of the race, he rather neatly put it thus :—

"I always had a feeling of looking behind me."

Mr. Dickson's account of how he came to sail in the same vessel with Sir Redvers Buller, and of some incidents on the voyage out is interesting.

"It was not till the last moment, that I learned that General Buller was to sail by the *Dunottar Castle*. Immediately I telephoned through for a berth, and the reply came back 'not an inch of room.' I implored them for the love of heaven to squeeze me in somehow, and went forward with my luggage. Fortunately, the Company, with a little manipulation, were able to find a corner for me, and I landed on deck with a sigh of relief.

"The General was very good to me in giving me every opportunity to take pictures on the voyage out. On one occasion while I was photographing him, he jokingly threatened that if I did not leave him in peace he would 'throw me over the side.' And on another similar occasion he tried to push the captain in front of him, but I was too quick for him.

Lord Dunraven taking the bearings.

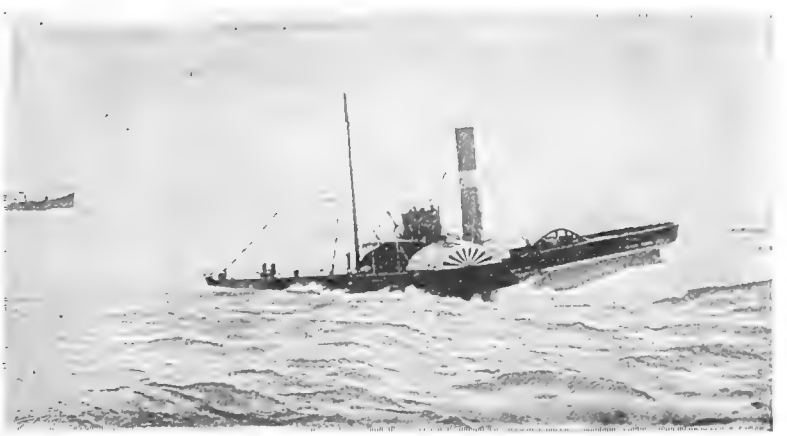
"Arrived at Cape Town I had some difficulty in photographing the Boer prisoners on board the *Penelope*, on account of instructions having been given that prisoners were not in any way to be treated with indignities.

"I did not attach myself to any of the War correspondents, as they were subject to such restrictions as would have considerably hampered my movements. So I pushed forward with my own contingent, and was present at many of the principal engagements. I was one of the first to enter Ladysmith with Buller, being just behind the General."

On the return journey in the *Carisbrook Castle*, Mr. Dickson had for fellow passengers Mr. Hofmeyer and Lord Dunraven, the latter of whom always "took the bearings," regularly every morning.

Some time ago at an Aldershot review, which was specially arranged for the Biograph, and at which the Duke of Connaught was present, Mr. Dickson was vividly reminded of the uncertainty of life. This occurred during a charge of some Lancers, who with lances down were coming dead straight at the apparatus.

Instinctively Mr. Dickson realised that "someone had blundered," and was on the point of making a bolt while still he might, when an officer gave the order "Divide!"



Mr. Dickson nearly lost his life while biographing this steam-tug.

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Instantly the soldiers split in twain and sped past right and left of him. "It was the most wonderful manœuvre I had ever witnessed," said Mr. Dickson.

At another military display, in France, the photographer confesses that he himself was nearly answerable for the premature quietus of a fellow creature.

It was a charge of Cuirassiers, and as they were approaching, Mr. Dickson waved his hand as a signal for them to take a slightly different direction. They answered to the signal, swerved, collided, and down went one of their number, biting the dust in curious confusion. Up he rose with countenance crimson, and swore only as a trooper can swear. Oil, however, soon fell upon the troubled waters—*palm-oil*. And there was peace.

If Mr. Dickson was born to be drowned, the event should have transpired on the occasion when he "took" Portcoon Cave, Giant's Causeway, where his retreat at a critical moment was nearly cut off by a seventy-feet wave.

Failing this, his drowning should have occurred when he chartered two tugs and two skippers at £5 apiece, and put out into a boiling sea for an "effect."

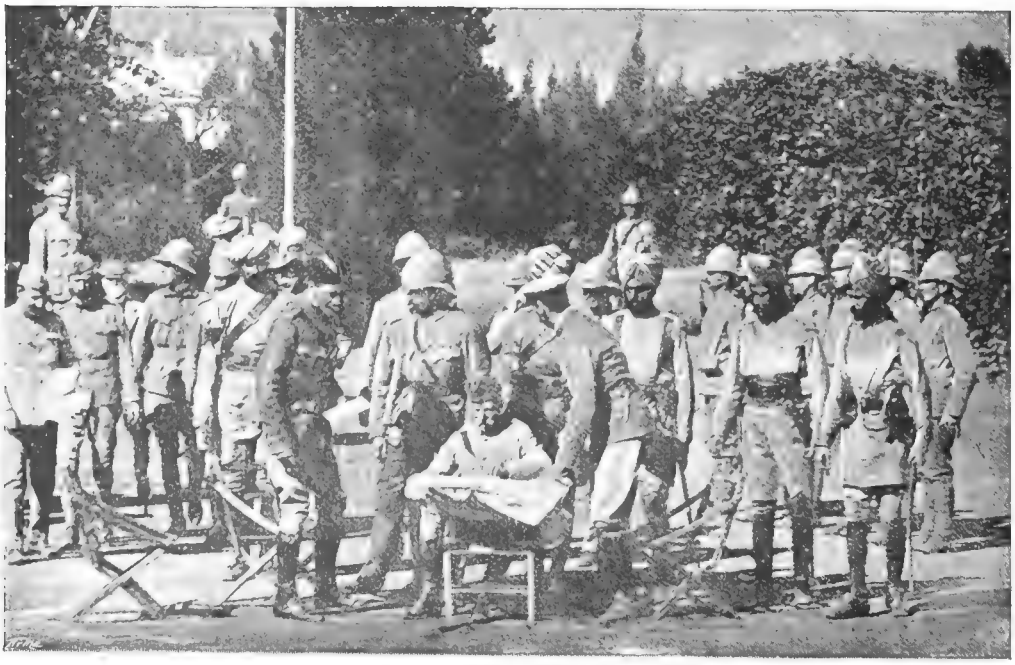
Apparatus and operator were both lashed down, the latter horizontally. The whole thing was so "lively," that the hardy skippers agreed that there "wasn't no fun in it," and hinted that the £5 each hardly "met the case." But £10 each did.

Mr. Dickson has been favoured by several members of our own Royal Household, the Dukes of Cambridge and Connaught having been particularly kind to him. In addition to being cosmopolitan, he is also protean, and always adapts himself to his surroundings.

When he is taking military pictures he is a soldier; when he is on the sea he is a sailor; when he is in ecclesiastical company he is a theologian; when in royal spheres he is a courtier; when in the world of music he is a musician (he has an amateur orchestra of forty-two instrumentalists in America); and when with Legislators he is a politician. At all times he is a student. He is conversant with the technicalities and customs of all communities.

When he finds himself in a strange place, he first addresses himself to the Mayor, and invariably succeeds in obtaining what he wants.

"Finally let me tell you," he said to me, "that I never quake at a task, I go right at it. The man who apprehends a failure will probably meet with one."



Lord Roberts with his staff at Bloemfontein.

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By E. Arbuthnot.

Marie-Louise looked down, put the end of her fore-finger into the cleft in her chin, and pouted. Her face was damask-flushed, and her black hair untidy. The effect was artistic in a high degree.

Poor Jean-Paul was desolated. His little round figure took a dejected droop; his mouse-coloured hair seemed to pale with despair. His forehead wore a most pathetic pucker. Truly, it was a sore dilemma for a young lover to be in! And how to get out of it? But there indeed was the question, and Jean-Paul could not answer it.

"*Tiens*, Marie," he began presently, and stopped short. But Marie-Louise was sulky, and took no notice.

"See, now," he continued, after a short pause, in persuasive tones, "it seems to me, thou art unfair to thy poor Jean-Paul. Thou sayest thou wilt never speak to me again, and yet thou wilt not so much as tell me the reason, although everyone expected that we were to be married next week!"

"Everyone had no business to expect," snapped Marie-Louise. "And we shall not be married next week."

"But a reason! I pray thee at least a reason!" cried Jean-Paul in despair.

"That is so like a man! What good will a reason do thee? Well, if thou *wilt* know, I have seen someone I like better than thee! I am tired of thee, Jean-Paul, and moreover, my friend, I will thank thee to be off! Go!"

Jean-Paul stood as if turned to stone. Was all his devotion of three years to end thus? And besides she was fond of him too, he felt sure. What could he have done to offend her? He must find out his unknown rival, that was certain.

"I have always been a favourite with the women," he reflected. "Why should I not put this other to the rout? Ah, the wretch, the horror! It makes me sick to think of him!"

Aloud he said only—

"Well, Marie-Louise, if that be so, I must be off, I suppose. Eh! It is possible that I shall not break my heart! There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out! And it is not every girl who will despise a smart, likely young barber, who is to be taken into partnership next year! I am good tempered too, and have not even poor relations to support! Well, well, we shall see, we shall see."

With which he stalked out of the room in a

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very lofty manner, and forgot his cap entirely, so that it remained upon the kitchen table. He remembered it after he had gone a yard or two, but to return after so tragic an exit was beyond question impossible. He was therefore obliged to go away and leave it, which was a piece of shocking extravagance when one thinks that he had paid for it, that very morning, five-and-twenty sous in the Place de la Madeleine! But there! The meanest of us becomes lordly when he is in love!

And now it is time, you think, to tell you what was really the cause of this sad tiff between two love-birds? Well, then, pay attention.

For some weeks, you must know, a room in the house next door to that in which lived Marie-Louise, had been let to a rather nice-looking young man of Italian extraction.

Marie lived alone with her aunt, a bed-ridden old woman, and consequently had a good deal of liberty, more perhaps than was good for anyone so pretty and so mischievous. There was no one to interfere, if she and her neighbour had a slight acquaintance.

It was the balconies that began it, oh, wicked inventions that they are!

Being summer, the evenings were beautifully warm and balmy. And after supper, Marie would invariably take her work out there, and stay till dark watching the stars come out.

And at about eight o'clock, the window on the other side of the little ornamental iron railing would open, and forth would step Marie's dark-eyed neighbour, with the most fascinating of smiles and a very harmless remark about the weather.

And after a while, was it not a good idea of his, that he might be able to help her with her work? So from then, they sat and both shelled peas, or sliced beans, or chopped carrots.

And if their heads *were* rather close together and if their hands *did* touch now and then, well, how could they help it, I should like to know? Without doubt it was necessary over such work.

Or sometimes Marie-Louise would sew, while her kind Gironimo leant over her, and watched the deft fingers as they flew along the rough dark seams. And by-and-bye, when it was too dark for work, they sat and counted the stars, talking very quietly, for fear of disturbing the poor old woman indoors.

But in spite of all this, you must not think Marie-Louise was in the least inclined to be unfaithful to her betrothed. True, Jean-Paul knew nothing about Gironimo, nor Gironimo about Jean-Paul. But what did that matter? Gironimo was always away the whole day, coming in only for supper, and Jean-Paul was always obliged to stay and keep the shop in the evenings, for that was when his master liked to go out. So Jean-Paul came to see her every morning, and Marie kissed him and told him he was a dear, good fellow, and wore his green pinks, and every evening she had a quiet chat with the handsome Gironimo in the moonlight. And if sour old Marthe, who lived opposite, declared she had seen them seated hand-in-hand for hours, "exactly as if they were lovers of the fondest," why that, no doubt, was merely jealousy on the part of Marthe. Or even if—well, only through the railing!

But this flirtation would have done very little harm to the cause of the young barber, for in her heart of hearts I feel sure Marie always preferred Jean-Paul—he was such a *beau garçon*, such a taking, jolly fellow, and had none of those solemn and tragic moods, which sometimes grew really alarming in the dark-skinned Gironimo. But silly Jean-Paul made a mess of the thing himself. Yes, it was entirely his own fault.

In the next street to Marie's, lived Jean-Paul's god-father, Monsieur Tallien, "distantly related," as he always declared, "to the great Tallien"—and Monsieur Tallien kept a little *cabaret*. It was a flourishing concern, this inn, and no doubt, that was partly owing to the attractions of Monsieur's pretty daughter, "Tallien's Star," as they called her, so fair and pale and gentle she was—and Stella was a bosom-friend of Marie-Louise.

Well, now, Monsieur Tallien, passing one day down the Avenue des Ternes, found Jean-Paul at the door of the barber's shop, and carried him off to have "a little something to make him cool." He was an irascible little old man and quickly over-ruled Jean-Paul's faint objections about the early hour. One must not be too obstinate when talking to one's rich god-father, more especially when one has matrimony in view.

"Come, come," cried old Tallien, "the heat is frightful! *Viens, imbécile!*"

And certainly when Jean-Paul found himself comfortably seated with his god-father and a couple of customers, at a little round table in front of the *cabaret*, with a beautiful acacia tree overhead, and "the Star,"

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light-handed and fairy-footed, supplying every want before it was felt, he could hardly be said to regret very much having come. And surely *un p'tit bleu* can hurt nobody?

But the weather was so hot, and the two customers so thirsty, and Monsieur Tallien so pressing, that the glasses were re-filled almost too often. And Jean-Paul, not being accustomed to a great quantity of liquor, it had just enough effect on him to make him garrulous and perhaps just a trifle bombastic.

"My god-son is very happy just now, I must tell you," said Monsieur Tallien, after a somewhat uproarious burst of merriment from Jean-Paul had subsided. "You see, he is going to be married next week—I forget which day, Jean-Paul?"

"Wednesday," cried Jean-Paul, beaming all over, and thumping his fist on the table.

"Wednesday is the happy day?"

"Oh, indeed! And who is the young woman, if I may ask?" inquired one of the others.

"And who should it be but Marie-Louise Lambert?" said Jean-Paul. "And my faith, she loves me to distraction!"

"Ah! Well that is as it should be, no doubt. And you, my friend, are you equally devoted?"

A faint suspicion that he was being laughed at, here crept into Jean-Paul's mind. He checked the reply he had been about to make, and putting on an air of easy indifference which suited him the very worst in the world, made answer—

"Oh, with me of course it is different. A man has other things to occupy his time. But she is a good girl all the same. And I am quite as fond of her as is necessary, you understand."

After which, feeling perhaps a little sleepy and dazed, our hero made his adieux with politeness, and departed to be soundly rated at least five times during the afternoon for cutting people's faces while shaving them.

That same evening, the gentle Stella went to supper with her dearest Marie-Louise, and all the unlucky words of foolish Jean-Paul were repeated. Not in the least from malice, understand, for Stella was too simple for that, but merely as a topic of conversation, to ears for which they were certainly never meant.

Poor Marie! she wept, she sobbed tempestuously for half-an-hour. Then she grew unnaturally calm. She washed her face and brushed her hair, put on a clean white apron with an embroidered frill, and tied a cherry-coloured ribbon round her neck. Then she took her knitting and went out into the balcony.

And oh, how sweetly she smiled that night upon Gironimo! And how he smiled in return, too, with his white teeth gleaming like

Sometimes Marie-Louise would sew, while her kind Gironimo leant over her.

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There was a crowd of children, a monkey, a box covered with green cloth.

pearls and his black ringlets dangerously near her cheek! How they both sighed and whispered over the little railing! And when at dusk they strolled out for a turn on the ramparts, who could cavil? For Marie-Louise had promised to marry Gironimo.

And now you comprehend why she treated Jean-Paul so cruelly when he came to see her the next morning.

Well, for three days after that painful scene, the young barber languished in the darkest abysses of despair, and every time he went to see Marie, she shut the door in his face. At last, happening to pass his godfather's *cabaret*, he met the angelic gaze of Mademoiselle Tallien's sweet blue eyes fixed on him with a sort of mild, reproachful wonder, and an idea flashed through his mind.

"Here," he cried aloud in his excitement, "is a friend of Marie. She will have the key to this abominable mystery. I will ask her."

And oh, what a miserable half-hour was the next for poor Jean-Paul! For Stella told him all about the handsome Gironimo, and why Marie was offended with himself, and filled his cup of bitterness to overflowing.

"Oh, I have been a fool, a fool," he cried, "a madman! Why could I not keep my tongue under better control? And the good God knows I never meant it! Not a word I said! But who is this Italian, this Gironimo? Ugh! what a hideous name! It is like oil gurgling into a can! Who is he? How does he live?"

"But, my friend, I have not the slightest idea!" exclaimed Stella, frightened at the storm she had raised. "I do not think even Marie is to know till they are married! But that will be on Wednesday. And he has sworn to her that he follows an honest calling."

"Oh, horrible, shameful, unheard of!" cried Jean-Paul, with tears running down his cheeks. "Not to know! Why the man may be a beggar, a thief! Sworn? He would not care for oaths. This fiend of an Italian! But I will find him

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out, or die in the attempt," he added tragically.

The master-barber was a good-natured man, and when Jean-Paul told him he was ill and begged for a week's holiday, he made no bones about it.

Then Jean-Paul hid himself in a doorway and started work as a detective.

* * * *

Tuesday evening came. At six o'clock Jean-Paul, in his Sunday coat, stood knocking humbly at Marie's door.

"Thou again!" she cried as she opened it, and would have slammed it in his face, but he got his knee in before she had time, and pushed boldly past her into the kitchen.

"Marie," said Jean-Paul, "I am sorry for what I said in the *cabaret*. I did not mean a word of it. Only forgive me, and I will proclaim to the whole world that I adore thee and am not fit to tie thy shoe-lace."

"Thou art too late, Jean-Paul," said Marie stiffly. "To-morrow is my wedding day."

"So! And it is me thou wilt marry!" cried Jean-Paul. "Something tells me so! Why should this Italian part us?"

"He is my *fiancé*," replied Marie coldly, "and I will thank thee not to slander him."

"Marie," said Jean-Paul, "if I prove that this man is not worthy of thee, thou wilt marry me?"

"Oh Jean-Paul!" cried Marie, and turned away her blushing face.

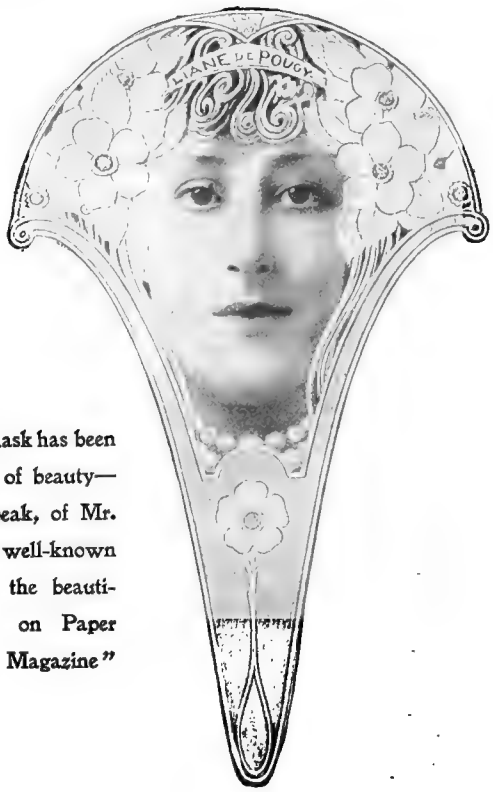
* * * *

It was a very gay wedding the next morning. Marie looked charming, and the bridegroom as happy as a King. Old Tallien treated the party to *déjeûner* at the Châlet in the Bois de Boulogne, and they spent the afternoon on the water, very pleasantly, though Jean-Paul, of course, fell in, and got soaked quite early in the day. For it was Jean-Paul after all.

And can you guess why?

Jean-Paul and Marie-Louise, hidden behind a sentry-box, had beheld the evening before a sight which came as a dreadful shock to Marie-Louise. There was a crowd of children, a monkey, a box covered with green cloth, and—horrible, degrading spectacle!—Gironimo turing the handle!

He was an organ-grinder!



The one-time hideous mask has been superseded lately by one of beauty—the invention, so to speak, of Mr. L. Weldon Hawkins, the well-known portrait painter. Read the beautifully illustrated article on Paper Masks in the "Lady's Magazine" for May.

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IF LOVE WERE BOLD

A WINSOME maid went out one day,
'Twas in the merry month of May;
Her timid lover vainly tried
To tell his love, but only sighed.

HE longed to touch her rosy lips,
As when the bee the honey sips,
And while his heart stood still with fear,
This fairy rondel charmed his ear:

IF love were bold
When maid is shy
And seeming cold
To lover's sigh;
Then she might sigh
If he were cold,
And not be shy
If love were bold.

SO when the maid came back that day,
All in the merry month of May,
Her smiling lover never sighed;
To hide his joy he vainly tried.

HE had not asked to touch her lips,
Nor does the bee before it sips;
A lover's heart forgets to fear
When fairy rondels charm his ear.

IF love were bold
When maid is shy
And seeming cold
To lover's sigh;
Then she might sigh
If he were cold,
And not be shy
If love were bold.

GEO. WHYTE.

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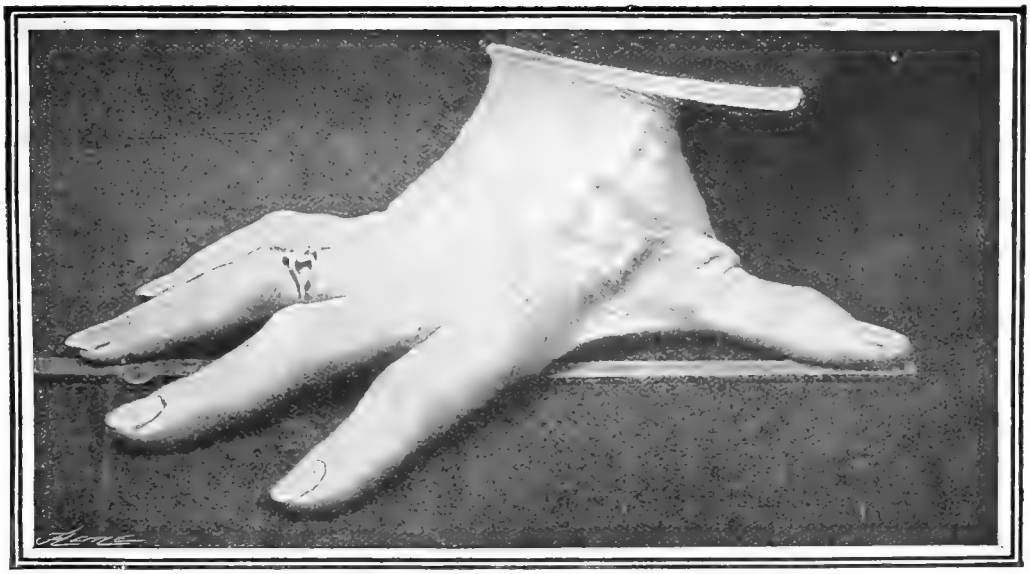

The normal span of the human hand is slightly over 8in.; Mr. Wilkins can span a distance of no less than 13in.

THE LARGEST MAN IN THE WORLD.

By Patrick O'Brien.

Illustrated with Photographs.

Real, live giants are not often seen in ordinary life to-day, the few surviving specimens of the race having retired into the comparative obscurity of travelling shows or fairy books of different colours. Nevertheless, one is to be met with occasionally, and Mr. Lewis Wilkins, whose photograph appears several times here, is by a long way the tallest man the world has seen in two centuries, his height being 8ft. 2in.

He has recently been appearing on the London variety stage, but he is not by any means the ideal giant of the show in one respect at least. For, if we remember rightly, a giant ought to be a tall man with a narrow chest and brittle bones which have a habit of breaking at inopportune moments. Mr. Wilkins, however, is anything but this, for in spite of his great height, he is broad and strong in proportion.

His chest measurement is 66in., round the thigh he measures 34½in., and he turns the scale at 26 stone. The distance between the fingers of his outstretched arms is the same as his height, 8ft. 2in., and this goes to show how perfect are his proportions.

How the giant's manager looks in the giant's hat. It measures 27in. round where it fits on the head.

From these figures it will be seen that Mr. Wilkins has nothing remarkable about him except his size — his proportions are the same as those of an ordinary human being, but he is cast in altogether a larger mould. His hand for instance is like the ordinary hand—except that it is considerably bigger. It measures 5in. across the palm and 12in. from the wrist to the top of the middle finger, and takes a

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The giant's boots measure 25in. in length, more than twice as much as those of the average man.

glove of size 14—the ordinary mortal takes size 7.

With such colossal hands it will easily be seen that the giant's rings must also be out of the common. A penny will pass through one easily, and a single finger is a handful for anyone with an ordinary span. His third finger is $1\frac{1}{2}$in. in diameter and $4\frac{1}{2}$in. in circumference.

In the matter of clothing, Mr. Wilkins finds his size not only inconvenient but extremely expensive. He is not like the ordinary man—he cannot go into a shop and buy a pair of boots or a hat, for he is a very Gulliver in Lilliput, and everything is too small for him. His hat where it fits on his head has a circumference of 27in., and any ordinary person—the giant's manager, for instance—is quite lost when he attempts to put it on. His boots measure 25in. in length, and the difference between them and the ordinary person's footgear will easily be seen from the photograph.

When Mr. Wilkins was asked if clothing were not a pretty large item in his expenditure, he said that it was indeed. Of course he has to get everything made specially for him—excepting shirt buttons and handkerchiefs. No tailor will take him on his ordinary terms, and, as a rule, he has to pay fifteen guineas for each suit.

Mr. Wilkins tells a good story of a tailor who used to boast that he would supply any man with any number of suits at two guineas apiece, cut to measure. A friend of the giant got

The distance from one end to the other of the giant's outstretched arms is 8ft. 2in., the same as his height.

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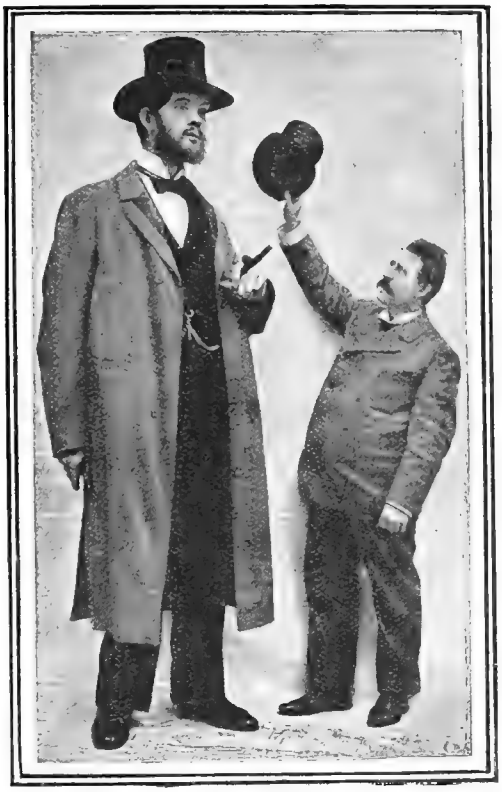

The giant stands 8ft. 2in., while the gentleman beside him is only of average height and cannot touch the giant's hat, even with his outstretched arm.

to hear of this, so he visited the tailor in question.

"Will you cut me fifty suits to measure for a friend of mine at that price?" he asked. "He's a big man, mind, and a good bit over the average."

"Certainly," answered the tailor, "five hundred suits if you like—the more the merrier."

"But he's a biggish man, I may tell you."

"Doesn't matter a bit. I couldn't fit bigger men than I have in my time, and yet I've always made a profit somehow."

Mr. Wilkins' friend still had his doubts.

"I'll bet you a fiver," he said, "that you'll back out when you see him!"

But the tailor would not take warning and staked his fiver. But a few minutes later, when Mr. Wilkins walked in, he paid that fiver like a lamb.

Another bane of Mr. Wilkins' life is the laundry. Here, also, his size is a disadvantage, for they always charge him double price; though, even at that rate, he has the best of the bargain, from their point of view. For most of his garments, if not quite double those of the ordinary man in size, cause a good deal more trouble at the laundry. His shirts, for instance, contain about a square foot of cuff, and something less than an acre of front.

By birth Mr. Wilkins is an American, though he is of British descent. When he was born at St. Paul, Minn., in 1874, there was nothing to indicate that he would become the man he is. He was just an ordinary baby of 8lb., and he grew just in a plain, matter of fact fashion, until his fourth year, when he started quite suddenly to shoot upwards at an alarming rate. At ten years of age he was the biggest boy in the school, and the master did not care about taking him in hand, for he was then 6ft. in height. Still he did not stop. Up and up like Jack's beanstalk he went until he attained, in his eighteenth year, his present altitude of 8ft. 2in., and he is now twenty-six years of age.

"Neither my mother nor father were more than ordinary mortals in stature," says the American Goliath, "and my four brothers and sister look up to me from the average height of human beings."

Except on one occasion, Mr. Wilkins has never had a day's illness. That was when, at the age of eight years, he was

The ordinary person does not find the giant's clothes very comfortable.

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thrown from a horse which kicked him on the head. The accident occurred whilst he was rounding up some of his father's cattle, and he was not found until the day following, having lain all the while in an unconscious state. But he took little notice of the accident at the time. Later there appeared at the side of his head a swelling, which for many years was not only a source of great annoyance, but was by many doctors believed to be actually dangerous to life.

Happily, however, the latter belief proved a wrong one, and Mr. Wilkins surprised the doctors by continuing to live when, according to their judgment, he ought to have died.

Mr. Wilkins is a particularly active individual for a man of his size, and takes a large amount of exercise. As indoor amusements, the punching ball and a Sandow's exerciser are his favourites, whilst of outdoor sports he is most fond of swimming and riding.

He is an ardent collector of coins and stamps, and he is a good linguist, speaking both French and German as fluently as his own tongue. When in America he takes a keen interest in politics, being a red-hot Republican; we imagine that those who differ from him, usually do so in a silent and discreet manner.

The giant, who weighs 26 stone, can easily weigh down two ordinary men of 12 stone.

Like all celebrities, Mr. Wilkins is greatly molested by the vulgar and the curious when on his travels, even though he hardly ever "takes his walks abroad" in the public streets. Instead of this, he has to travel in a cab in which he is about as uncomfortable as it is possible to be in this climate, and in which he also has to pay double fare. Indeed, his life seems to be made up of a series of operations of paying double what ordinary mortals have to. When he goes to an hotel the landlord always charges him double—for meals, for beds, for attendance, in fact for everything.

We must not omit to record that Mr. Wilkins would probably now be a possessor of the Royal Humane Society's Medal had he done in this country what he did a season or two back at Atlantic City. He had strolled down to the beach with the intention of bathing, when suddenly cries were raised that a man and woman were drowning, having got out of their depth. Wilkins waded out up to his neck with all his clothes on and saved the pair amidst the cheers of the excited onlookers on the shore. Truly, there are some advantages in having giants about.

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THE PURPLE CLOUD

By M. P. Shiel. Illustrations by J. J. Cameron.

VI.

She must rise very early. I, who am on the palace roof at dawn, sometimes, between the pavilion flaps, spy her far below at the edge of the lake gazing up.

It is now three months since she came with me to Imbros.

I left her the first night in that pale-yellow house, with the two green jalousies, facing the beach, where there was everything that she would need; but I knew that, like all the houses there now, it leaked profusely, and the next day went down to the curving stair, cut through the rock to the back and south of the village, climbed, and, half a mile beyond, I found a rain-proof cot on a cliff-edge overlooking the sea on the east coast, a mile or so from the palace. This I ordained for her abode, and there left her. When she attempted to follow me, I picked up a sassafras whip, and threatened her with it.

I am convinced, however, that she is no stay-at-home, but roams continually over the island. Thrice, wandering myself, I have met her.

The first time she was running and laughing, intent upon striking down a butterfly with a twig held in the left hand (for both hands she uses with equal skill). It was in a citron grove, and I, while watching, was able to hide. She resembled the butterfly which she chased, for she had dressed herself in the colours of the rainbow—voluminous pantaloons of sky-blue satin, a zouave of saffron, and so on. With her extraordinary cleverness, she has learned (from pictures, I imagine) to do up her hair; but now, as she ran chasing, its masses under a fez had loosened somewhat to a wanton slovenliness. My heart beat thickly, owing to the consciousness that while I saw, I was unseen.

Another noontide I came upon her sleeping on her arm in an alley between overgrown trellises, where the vine, rioting wild, buried her in shade. I had not been gazing through the bushes a minute, when she started and looked wildly round, her quick consciousness detecting my presence. But I think I managed to steal away unseen. She keeps her face very dirty; all about her mouth was dry-stained with a polychrome of grape-juice and other fruits, like a street-child of old. I could also see that her nose and face were now sprinkled with freckles.

So, then, what is my fate henceforth?—to think always, from sun to moon, and from moon to sun, of one only thing—and that thing an object for the microscope?—to become a sneaking Paul Pry, to spy upon the silly movements of one little sparrow, like some fatuous, motiveless gossip of old, his occupation to peep, his one faculty to scent, and his wine and his triumph to unearth the infinitely unimportant? I would kill her first!

Four days since I saw her a third time. The primitive instinct to represent the world in pictures has been working in her: for she was drawing. It was in the village once called Selvi, which lies in a dell near her cottage. I had strayed that way towards

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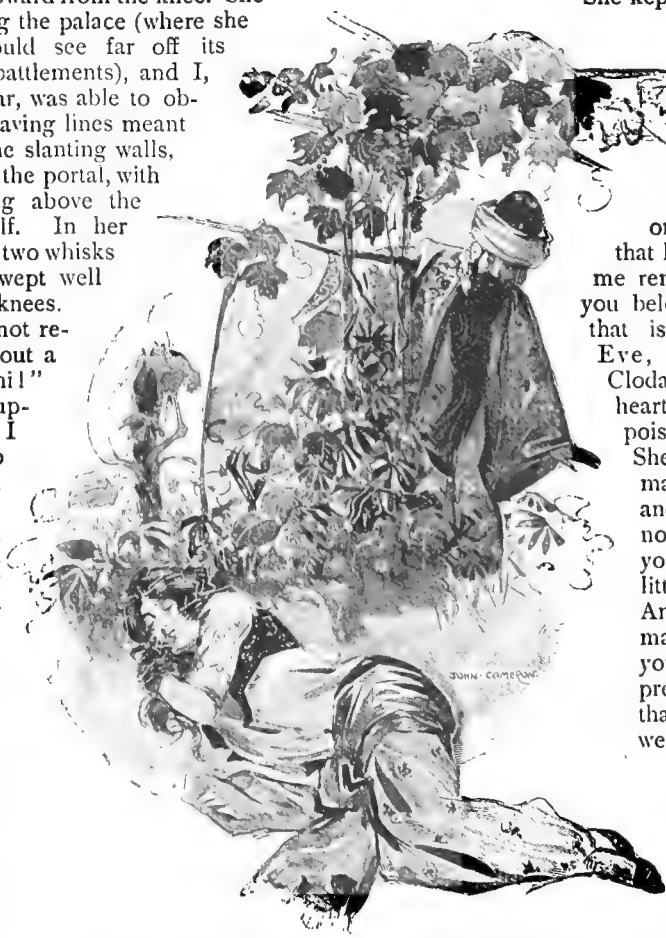
evening, and emerging upon the street from between two walls, I saw her quite near. I stopped—and peered. She was lying on her face among the weeds, a piece of cardboard before her, and in her fingers a light yellow chalk. Very intently she drew, her tongue-tip travelling along her upper lip, from side to side, like a pendulum, her tasseled fez cocked back on her hair, and one foot swinging upward from the knee. She was drawing the palace (where she lay she could see far off its gleaming battlements), and I, peering near, was able to observe the waving lines meant for steps, the slanting walls, and, before the portal, with fez reaching above the roof—myself. In her drawing my two whisks of beard swept well below the knees.

I could not resist crying out a sudden "hi!" She leapt upright. I pointed to the drawing, smiling.

She has a way sometimes of mincing her pressed lips, while she shakes the head, intensely cooing a fond laugh. And so she did now.

"You are a clever little thing, you know," I said. She cocked her eyes, trying to divine my meaning, smiling vaguely.

"Ah, yes, a clever little thing," I said, talking in a gruff voice, "clever as a serpent, I dare say. But it won't do, you know. Do you know what you are to me, you?—you are my Eve! But it won't do, it won't do at all! Well, no; the second Adam is some ten or twenty thousand years wiser than the first—you see? less instinctive, more rational. The first disobeyed by Commission; I shall disobey by Omission; only *his* disobedience was a sin, mine is a heroism. I have not been a particularly noble sort of wretch so far, but in me, Adam Jeffson—I swear it—the human race shall attain a true nobility—the nobility of self-extinction. No more Clodaghs, girl, and Cæsar Borgias, and Pompadours, you see?"



I came upon her sleeping on her arm between overgrown trellises, where the vine buried her in shade.

She kept her eyes obliquely cocked like a little fool, wondering what I was saying.

"And talking of Clodagh," I went on, "I shall call *you* that henceforth, to keep me reminded of the race you belong to. So now that is your name—not Eve, but Clodagh. Clodagh was my sweetheart, and she was a poisoner — you see? She poisoned a poor man who trusted her; and that is your name now, to remind me, you most dangerous little speckled viper. And in order that I may no longer see your foolish little pretty face, I decree that for the future you wear a *sashmac* to cover up your lips, which, I can see, are meant to be seductive; and you can leave the eyes, and the little freckled nose uncovered, if you like, *they* being commonplace enough. Meanwhile, if you care to see how to draw a palace, I will show you."

Before I had stretched my hand, she was presenting the cardboard. She had guessed something of my meaning! But some hard tone in my talk had displeased her, for she was looking glum, her under-lip pushing out, showing her ready to cry.

In a few strokes I drew the palace, with herself standing at the portal; and

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great was her pleasure. She pointed to the sketched figure, and to herself, interrogatively; I nodded yes; and she went cooing her murmurous laugh with pressed and mincing lips. It is clear that she is in no way afraid of me.

Before I could move away, I felt some rain drops, and down in some seconds came a shower. I looked, saw that the sky was darkening, and ran into the nearest of the little cubical houses, originally white, which compose the village, leaving her glancing sideways upward with the quaintest artlessness of interest in the downpour. She is not yet familiarised with the operations of nature, and seems to regard them with a certain amiable, inquisitive seriousness, as though they were living beings, comrades as good as herself. She presently joined me, but even then stretched her hand out to feel the drops, murmuring her coo.

Now there came a clap of thunder, the wind was rising, and rain spattering about me. (The window-panes of these houses—made of paper drenched in olive oil—have disappeared, and rains, penetrating by roofs, flooring and windows, wet the bones of men.) As I gathered up my skirts to run toward other shelter, she was before me, saying in her strange, experimental voice that word which she has learned: "Come."

She ran in advance, and I, throwing my caftan over my head, followed, urging my way flinchingly against the whipped rain-wash. She took the way up the hillside to her house, which was near; though, by the time we pelted into its dry shelter, we were wet to the skin. It had probably been the house of an Englishman, for it is of Western build, with a book-case of English books.

There is a rage in the storms of late years which really transcends bound. I never could have conceived a turbulence so huge. Hour after hour I sat there that night listening to the batteries and lamentation of the haunted air. I had poured some oil from a goat-skin into an earthen lamp, and smoking a chibouque in an armchair, read Milton.

The girl, after standing drawn up in a corner for some time, apparently troubled, sat on an ottoman, and presently fell sideward, asleep. I heard the ocean swinging hoarse like heavy ordnance against the quivering cliffs below.

I said to myself: "If now I taught her to speak and read, she could read aloud to me, and save my eyes."

The storm seemed struggling for the house, to snatch and wing it away into eternity.

She startled up at a gust of more appalling volume, rubbing her eyes, with disordered hair. It must have been near midnight. She listened a minute, with that comic scientific interest of hers, to the noise of the elements, and smiled. She had heard it before, and it had not hurt, so now it would not hurt, she must have thought. She rose, left the room, and presently returned with a pomegranate, three almonds, and wine in a Samian cruche, which she placed before me.

"Hospitality," I said.

She looked at the book I had with lowered left eyelid, seeking to guess its use. Most things she understands at once, but this must have baffled her.

I held it up before her.

"Shall I teach you to read?" I said. "If I did, how would you repay me, you Clodagh?"

She cocked her eyes, seeking to comprehend. Heaven knows, at that moment I pitied the poor dumb waif, realising that she was alone in all this great round earth with me. The lamp-flame, moved by the wind like a painting brush, flickered upon her face, though I had carefully stuffed every crevice.

"Perhaps, then," I said, "I will teach you. You are a poor pitiable little castaway of your race, you know. Two hours every day I will let you come to the palace, and I will teach you. But be sure—be careful. If there be danger, I will kill you. I surely will. And let me begin with a lesson *now*: say after me, 'White.'"

I got her to understand that I wanted her to repeat after me.

"White," said I.
"Hwhite," said she.
"Power," said I.
"Pow-wer," said she.
"White Power," said I.
"Hwhite Pow-wer," said she.
"Shall not," said I
"Sal not," said she.
"White Power shall not," said I.
"Hwhite Pow-wer sal not," said she.
"Pre-vail," said I.
"Fffail," said she.
"Pre-Vail," said I.
"Pe-Vvvail," said she.
"White Power shall not prevail," said I.
"Hwhite Pow-wer sal not—fffail," said she.

A roar of thunder went laughing, as it seemed, through the universe. A moment I looked at her with positive, shrinking fear,

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and as I ran to dash forth into the storm, to re-seek the palace, I thrust her with violence from my path.

Such was the ingratitude, and the fatality, which my first attempt to teach her met with. It remains to be seen whether my pity for her dumbness, or some tendency toward fellowship in myself, will result in any future lesson. I have, indeed, given my word to teach her; but the most solemnly pledged word may be broken.

Surely, her presence in the world with me has worked great changes in my mood! Gone now, apparently, are those turbulent hours when, my head reaching to the stars, I stalked like a peacock, flaunting my Monarchy in the face of the Eternal Powers, with hissed blasphemies; or else rushed to fire some vast city; or rolled in the drunkenness of drugs. It was mere madness; I see it now. And it seems past—or almost past. I have clipped my beard, and thought of modifying my attire.

I will watch to see whether she comes loitering about the palace lake.

* * * * *

I remember, long before the poison cloud, to have met, in Paris, a little coffee-and-milk Portugo-Brazilian boy, twelve or fourteen years of age, of whom she reminds me. He wore his hair short like a convict's, and delighted to play solitary about the staircases of the hotel, dressed up in the white balloon-dress of a pierrot. Clever as a flea he was, knowing five or six languages, as it were by nature, without having any suspicion that that was at all extraordinary. She has that same light, nonchalant cleverness, and easy way of life. It is little more than a year since I found her, and already she can speak English perfectly (except that she does not pronounce the letter "r"); she has also read a good many books; and can write. And she does it all with the flighty naturalness with which a bird takes to the wing.

One day, ten months since, I saw her from the roof. She had a book in her hand, and she was looking at the print with sideward head, as she had seen me do. I burst out laughing. Whether she is the simplest little fool or the craftiest serpent that ever breathed, I am not yet sure.

Since then I have let her come to the palace daily, her mouth covered over with the *sashmac*, and here, mostly sitting on the outer steps, or on the lake in a little mother-of-pearl wherry from Sartori, I have taught her. *Why* she must needs wear the *sashmac* she has never once asked; and how much she divines, knows, or intends, I have no idea, continually questioning myself as to whether she is all simplicity or all cunning.

Her book of books is the Old Testament. Sometimes at noon, or afternoon, I may look abroad from the roof and see a tiny figure sitting far off on the sward under the shade of dark cypress, or purple-flowering maple; and I know that the book she cons there is the Bible. She has a passion for *stories:* and there finds a store-house.

She asked me one night:

"What did Cain to Abel?"

"He knocked him over," I replied (for I find a coarse pleasure in using idioms new to her).

"Over what?" said she.

"Over his heels," said I.

"I do not complehend!"

"He killed him, then."

"That I know. But how did Abel feel when he was killed? What is it to be *killed?*"

"Well, you have seen a lot of bones all around you, and you can feel the bones in your fingers. Your fingers will become mere bones some time after you are dead, as die you must. Those bones which you see about are bones of the men of whom we often speak; and the same thing happened to them which happens to a butterfly when you strike it, and it lies still."

"And the men and the butterfly feel the same after they are dead?"

"Precisely the same. They lie in a deep drowse, dreaming a nonsense-dream."

"That is not dleadful. I thought it was much more dleadful. I should not mind dying."

"Ah, so much the better. It is possible that you may have to die a great deal sooner than you think."

"I should not mind. Why were men so vely aflaid to die?"

"Because they were all such shocking cowards."

"Oh, not all—not all!"

(This girl, I know not with what motive, has definitely set herself up against me as the defender of the dead race. Every chance she gets she is at it.)

"Nearly all," I said. "Tell me one who was not afraid to die——"

"There was Isaac," she replied, "when Ablaham laid him on the wood to kill him, he did not jump up and lun to hide."

"Isaac was a great exception," I said. "In the Bible, and such books, you understand, you read of only the best kinds of people:

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there were millions and millions of others—especially about the time when the poison-cloud came—on a very much lower level—wretches who were covetous, false, murderous, mean, selfish, debased, hideous, diseased, making the earth a very charnel-house of vices and crimes."

For some minutes she did not answer. She was sitting with her back toward me, cracking almonds, her feet swinging over a depth of sixty yards. In the clear gold of the platform steps, I saw her fez and corals reflected by the bright moonlight, like rubies in a lake. Before she spoke, she turned and drank some wine from a great Burmese goblet near, which quite covered in her head. Then with wet lips, she said:

"Vices and climes—climes and vices Always the same. What are these climes and vices?"

"Robberies of a hundred sorts—murders of ten thousand kinds—"

"But now did Abel feel when he was killed? What is it to be *killed?*"

'But what made them *do* them?"

"Their evil natures—their base souls."

"But *you* are one of them—*I* am another—yet you and I live here together, and we do no vices and climes."

Her astounding shrewdness! Right into the very inmost heart of a matter does her simple wit pierce!

"No," I said, "we do no vices and crimes because we lack *motive*. There is no danger that we should hate each other, for we have plenty to eat and drink, dates, wines, and so on. Our danger is rather the other way. But *they* hated and schemed against each other, because they were very numerous, and there arose a question among them as to the dates and wine."

"Was there not, then, enough land to glow dates and wines for all?"

"There was—yes; a good deal more than enough. But some got hold of a vast lot, and the rest feeling the pinch of scarcity, there arose a pretty state of things, including the vices and crimes."

"Ah, but then it was not to their bad souls that the vices and climes were due, but only to this question of land. If there had been no such question, there would have been no vices and climes, because I and you, who are just like them, do no vices and climes here, where there is no such question!"

The clear limelight of her intelligence! She wriggled in her effort of argument.

"I am not going to argue the matter," I said. "There *was* that question of land, you see. And there always must be on an earth where millions of men, with varying degrees of cunning reside."

"Oh, not necessallily!" she cried with conviction, "since there is a good deal more than enough for all. If there should spling up more men now, and they made an allange-

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ment among themselves that the first man who took too much should be killed, and sent to dleam a nonsense-dleam, the question could never again alise."

"It arose before—it would arise again."

"But no! I can guess cleally how it alose before; it alose thlough the carelessness of the first men. The things to eat at first were so vely, vely much more than enough for all, that the men did not take the tlouble to make an allangement among themselves; afterwards the habit of carelessness was confirmed, till, at last, the vely oliginal carelessness must have got to have the look of an allangement, and so the stleam which began in a little long ended in a big long, the long glowing more and more fixed, as the stleam lolled. I see it cleally, can't *you?*"

She turned her face now to look at me: and it suddenly struck me what a noble brow she has, almost pointed at the uplifted summit, and widening down like a bell-curved Gothic door, draped in strings of frizzy hair.

"Clodagh," I said after some minutes, "do you know why I called you Clodagh?"

"No. Tell me."

"Because once—long, long ago, before the poison-cloud—I had a lover called Clodagh; and she was a——"

"But tell me first—how did one know one's lover or wife flom all the others?"

"Well, by their faces."

"But there must have been many faces—all alike."

"No, not all alike. Each was different from the rest."

"Leally? Still, it must have been vely clever to tell. I can hardly conceive any face, except yours and mine."

"Ah, because you are a little goose, you see."

"What was a goose like?"

"It was a thing like a butterfly, only larger, and it kept its toes always spread out, with a skin stretched between them."

"Leally? And am I like that? But what were you saying that your lover Clodagh was?"

"She was a poisoner."

"Then why call me Clodagh, since *I* am not a poisoner?"

"I called you so to remind me; lest you should become my—my—lover, too."

"I am your lover already; for I love you."

"You do *what?*"

"Do I not love you?"

"Come, Clodagh—none of that maniac rubbish! Clodagh was a *poisoner*—you see?"

"Why did she poison? Had she not enough dates and wines?"

"She had—yes; more than enough; but she wanted more—more—more."

"So the vices and climes were not confined to those who lacked things to eat, but were done by the others, too?"

"By the others chiefly."

"Then I see how it was!"

"How was it?"

"The others had got *spoiled*. The vices and climes must have begun with those who lacked things, and then the others, always seeing vices and climes alound them, began to do them, too—as when one lotten olive is in a bottle, the whole mass soon becomes collupted. But oliginally they were not lotten, and only became so; and all thlough a little carelessness at the first."

"Go inside," I said. I could stand no more of her chatter. "Go inside, and in the third room on the left you will see hanging on the harp a wreath of roses which I have woven for your head this afternoon; put it on; and bring the harp, too, and play for me."

She ran with alacrity, and not till the moon set in a cloudy bed, impillowed in dreams of curdling opals, did I send her home.

But often in like manner we speak together, she and I.

* * * * *

I am driven out from Imbros!

I was walking in a wood yesterday—it was a calm evening, about seven, the sun having just set. Some twenty minutes before, Clodagh had been with me, darting after peeping fruit, and gathering in her arms a mass of purple amaranth and red-berried asphodel. But weary of my life, I had said angrily to her: "Go away, go!—far from me!" and she, with pushed-out under-lip, had walked off.

I was continuing my stroll, when suddenly I felt a slight quaking of the ground, and before one could count ten it seemed as if the island was bent upon racking itself to fragments. My first thought was of her, and in great fright I went running, calling in the direction which she had taken, staggering as on the deck of some ship, falling, picking myself up, running again. The air was full of uproar, and the land was waving like the sea. As I went plunging, not now knowing whither, I saw to my right some three or four acres of forest droop and sink into a chasm

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which opened to receive it. Up I flung my arms, crying out: "Heavens! save the girl!" and a minute later rushed out, to my surprise, into open space on a hillside. In the valley below, I could see the palace, and beyond it, a stretch of white and rushing sea, which had the awful appearance of being higher than the land. Down the hillside I staggered, driven by the instinct to fly, when, about half-way down, I was startled by a shrill pattering like musical hail, and the next moment saw the entire palace rushing with the jingling clatter of a thousand bells into the heaving lake.

After this the earthquake lasted some five minutes, gradually lulling. I found Clodagh an hour later standing among the ruins of her little house.

Probably every building on the island has been destroyed. The palace platform, all cracked, lies half-sunken askew into the lake like a huge stranded ark, while of the palace itself no trace remains, except a mound of golden stones emerging above the lake. Worst calamity of all, the *Speranza*, where she lay in her little cove, has been dashed ashore by the tidal wave; and, were it not that one of her liquid-air launches and her nautical instruments are intact, I should be in somewhat of a difficulty.

Clodagh and I have passed the night in the woods, and this evening will bid a long farewell to Imbros. I look forward with pleasure to our hour's run to the Mainland in the moonlight. I will teach her to steer by the compass, as I have taught her to talk, to cook, to read, to think, to live.

But *what is the design* of this Expulsion —this new "going-out from Haran"?

* * * *

The earthquake must have been even more severe on the Mainland than on the island, and apparently ravaged all Turkey. The rages of nature at present are perfectly astonishing. When we came to the Macedonian coast we sailed along it, looking out for a village or habitation. We saw none, slept in a forest which had quite a devastated aspect, and on reaching Gallipoli next day found it a complete ruin.

Here I sat and thought out the question as to whither I should go; my choice would have been either to remain in the region where I was, or to go Eastward. But the region where I was, offered no dwelling, and to go any distance eastward I needed a ship. Of ships I saw only wrecks; nor did I know where to find one. I was thus, like Abraham, urged westward.

Even this Westward journey was no light task. The deep-rusted rails, as far west as Trieste, are, in places, twisted about, or rent away, by the earthquake; moreover, this whole tract of Europe has become nothing but one vast Indian jungle. Ofttimes we were tearing our way, deep cloistered in cool glooms, through miles of bindweed, and thrice were compelled to abandon engines on account of the obstruction of trees, not to mention the hundred and one changes from engine to engine where other trains blocked the lines, or where the lines themselves were so dislocated that we must needs travel a-foot to find another engine, or else, if the ground permitted, proceed without rails. I had, moreover, to go at low pressures, fearing explosion in the weather-worn machinery, creeping through tunnels and stopping whenever darkness came on. Mostly I travelled on engines—of that large-grade kind used in Eastern Europe — coupled to a single waggon in which sat Clodagh. Thrice I passed through cities doubly desolated, once by the arson of my own hand, and once by the earthquake.

Finally, two months and thirteen days from the date of the earthquake, having traversed Turkey, Servia, Bosnia and Istria by nautical means—altitude observations, chart and compass—I let go in the Venice lagoon the lateen sail and stone anchor of a Maltese *speronare* found at Trieste, and thence proceeded up the Canalazzo in a gondola. I said to myself: "In Venice I will pitch my patriarch tent."

But still further westward I was driven. These stagnant canals are now mere miasmas of pestilence, and in two days I was rolling with fever in the old Procurazie, Clodagh standing in pale wonderment at my bedside, sickness being new to her. I had hitherto enjoyed unbroken health, and divining the cause of the malady, with trembling knees I again set out—always westward.

My love of water led me through Lombardy and Savoy to the Lake of Geneva; and here, under the steep brown turret-roofs of the antique Castle of Chillon, where I write these words, we have lived for the last three months.

* * * *

Again driven Westward!

It happened in this fashion.

We had been living at the Castle of Chillon seven months, she occupying apartments overlooking the indigo waters, while I, at the other end, looked from my barred turret-casements into deep elm-forest.

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With her murmuring laugh she presented me with an armful of roses.

She had now taken to western dress, having even, in her adroit way, herself made some of her garments. The airs and graces are natural to her as feathers to a bird, all her dressing showing a certain positive salient quality of taste, ever anew bewitching in its effect. Sometimes, from the forest, she would wave up to me, looking cool in the green shade, training her skirt like a court lady.

This novelty of attire produced a separation between us. I would no more let her approach me. The more she bejewelled and made herself a sachet of sweet scents, chapleting her Greek-dressed head in golden filets, the more I fled her. During the voyage from Imbros, especially during my illness, our intimacy had increased. But now, neither at table was she with me, nor when I was fishing, nor when I took long walks, sometimes extending through days, to Montreux, or Vevey, or Villeneuve. I had myself, somehow, resumed European dress, and my mode of thought was once more quite modern and western.

One day, after an absence, I was returning to the castle, when I was extremely startled to see an object floating in the air above a gentian field. I quickly decided that she had re-invented *the kite*—for she had certainly never seen one. I presently sighted her holding the string. Her invention resembles the kind called "swallow-tail" of old.

On the 21st of July I attained my forty-sixth birthday in good health. I forget now what circumstance had made me mention the date long before; certainly I did not dream that she would keep any count of it; but, about noon, descending by a narrow stairway with fishing-tackle, I met her coming up. With her murmuring laugh she presented me with an armful of roses.

I was at once thrown into a state of agitation. She was dressed in a frippery of white muslin, a rose-diamond at the open neck, and satin slippers without stockings.

I could not speak.

"It is the day!" she cried.

"I—perhaps——"

My manner at once quenched her enthusiasm.

"I have not done long again?" she asked.

"No, no—oh no. Only I could not suppose that you would count up the days. You are—considerate. Perhaps—but——"

"Tell me?"

"Perhaps—I was going to say—you might come fishing with me——"

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"Oh luck! I *like* that."

She liked it, because on two former occasions she had not failed to land three or four to my one, every little hooked rōthel, or carp, throwing her into ecstasies of triumph.

We went down, and out on the lake. She sat in the stern, sending to me in the bows mixed breaths of ambergris and frangipane. We had put every possible inch of distance between us. I said:

"Who told you that flowers are proper to birthdays? Or that birthdays are of any importance?"

"Nothing," she answered, "can happen so important as birth; and perfumes must be ploper to birth, because the wise men blought spices to the young Jesus."

"But you read too much the Bible—all your notions are Biblical—you should read modern books"

"I have tlied; but I cannot lead them long. The whole world seems to have got so collupted. It makes me shudder."

"Ah, now you see, you come round to my point of view," I said.

"Yes and no," she answered, "they had got so *spoiled*. Evelybody seems to have become quite dull-witted—the plainest tluths they could not see. Those faculties which aided them in their stlain to become lich must have been gleatly sharpened, while all the others withered; as I can imagine a person with one eye seeing double thlough it, and blind on the other side. Yet all the time they were stluggling to see—to do light—but without power, like one stliving to stir in a nightmare. They meant well—I am certain, *sure*. That is so pletty in them all! that they meant well—evely one. But they were too tloubled and sad, too awfully burdened; they had no chance at all. Such a queer, unnatulal feeling it gives me to lead of that world; I can't desclibe it! all their motives seem so tainted, their life so lop-sided. Tluely, the whole head was sick, and the whole heart faint."

"Right, Clodagh," said I, "and observe that this was no new thing; in the very beginning of the Book we read how God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and every imagination of his heart only evil——"

"Yes," she interrupted, "that is tlue. But there must have been some *cause*. We can be quite sure that it was not *natulal*, because you and I are human, and our hearts are not evil."

"Ah, you know nothing about my heart, Clodagh," said I.

"I know my own; and I know yours, too," said she.

"You know *mine!*" said I.

"Quite well," said she.

"Then—come—tell me what is in it!" said I.

"I will tell you," said she. "In it is a lebellion, which is good, yet not good. If a stleam will flow, neither tlying to climb upward, nor overflowing its banks, but lunning modestly in fixed channels, just whither it is led, then it will finally leach the Sea—the mighty ocean—and lose itself in Peace."

"Ah? But that counsel is not new; it is what the philosophers used to call 'yielding to Destiny,' and 'following Nature.' And Nature and Destiny often led mankind quite wrong——"

"Or *seemed* to—for a time, as when a stleam flows north a little, and the Sea is to the south; but it is bound for the Sea all the time, and will turn again. Destiny cannot yet be judged, for it is not finished, and our lace should follow blindly whither it points, sure that, thlough many curves, it leads the world to God."

"To God? Girl! you talk speciously, but falsely! Whence have you these thoughts in that head of yours? Girl! Girl! you talk of 'our race'? But there are only two of us left? Are you talking *at* me? Do not *I* follow Destiny?"

"You? ah!"

"What should I do, if I followed it?"

"You would come now and sit near me here! You would be always and for ever near me . . ."

Oh, then I felt my face redden!

"You talk disastrous folly!" I cried; "you lack all sense of responsibility! Never, never——"

"I could make you come *now*, if I chose," she said, covering her face with her left hand, "but I will not. I will wait upon my God . . ."

"Make me! Clodagh! How make me?"

"I could cly before you—as I cly often and often—in seclet——"

"Cry? *you?*"

"Yes, *vely*, *vely* often and often I cly in seclet, thinking of you."

As she said it, I saw her bottom lip push out and tremble. At once I burst into uncontrollable flame.

"Why, my own little dear . . !" I cried, rushing through the staggering boat to seize her.

But mid-way I was saved. A whisper—a

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thousand times more intense than lightning-flash—arrested me: "Forward is no escape, nor backward, but *sideward* there is a way!" I plunged into the lake; I swam to the shore.

Three hours that afternoon I spent in secret agony of thought; and decided that things had reached a climax, and could not continue. Either we must part, or one of us must die.

About six in the evening I found her; and my brow was stern. It was in the elm wood.

"Clodagh," I said, "we are to part—for ever. Oh, I am very sorry, my little child, and heavy is my heart. But it must be done. To leave you alone in the world is death for me. But it must, it *must* be done."

Her face turned sallow, showing up her freckles, but on her lips was a steady confident smile.

"My plan is this," I said, "we go hence together—to-night—to some unknown place by train. Then we separate, and you go one way, I another. We shall thus never be able to rediscover each other in all this wide world."

"I will go in the tlain with you," she answered with slow decisiveness, "but where you leave me, there I will stay till I die. And I will patiently wait till God change you, and send you back to me."

"Well, you speak not like a girl, Clodagh, but like a full woman now," said I. "But still, reflect a minute—oh, reflect! If you stayed where I left you, I *would* go back to you; I know I would. Tell me, then, reflect and tell me—do you refuse to part with me?"

"Yes; I lefuse."

"Then, here are two matches in my grasp; be good enough to draw one."

Now she was startled; I saw her wide and haggard eyes; she had read of the drawing of lots in the Bible.

But she obeyed without a word. I had determined that if she drew the shorter of the matches, she should die; if the longer, then I.

She drew the shorter. I had a loaded revolver in my pocket.

I took it out, and stood with hanging arm, looking at her. She knew its use, for at Imbros I had taught her target-shooting. But her pale lips were still smiling. She glanced at the weapon, and then fixed her eyes upon my face.

While she was smiling, I could not, of course, kill her. But the whole business of lots was, in any case, a farce. I must have intended all through to die in her stead. I walked away, and left her there.

I went to a saloon on the first floor, locked the doors, and for some time walked about. Then I lit the chandelier, and sat to write her some last directions, telling her why I died, begging her to love me always—the weapon being near my hand. Tears were on my face, when, turning, I saw her standing in a terrified pose behind me; at the same time I observed a ladder-end at the open window. By this way she had craftily stolen in.

My hand instinctively rushed to secure the weapon; but she was before me. I darted upon her to wrench it away; but she ran and threw it through the window. I flew to the door, unlocked it, and went pelting down a near staircase to recover it. I was surprised that she did not follow, forgetting the ladder.

But with a horrid shock I remembered it as I reached the bottom. I heard the report of the weapon; and crying out, "Oh, God! she has died for me!" I staggered forward upon her where she lay in her blood.

Had I not been a medical man, she must in truth have died. The ball had entered the left lung obliquely. But after a month she opened her eyes, and smiled with me.

It was then that I said to myself: "This is the noblest, the most lovable, of all the creatures that God has made. She has won my life, and I will live. But at least—to save me—I will put the ocean between her and me."

And thus we are forced still further westwards.

* * * * *

I wished her to remain at Chillon, intending myself to depart for the Americas. But she refused.

I let her accompany me to the coast, we in thirteen days traversing France by petrol and liquid-air traction.

We came to Havre, infirm of will that I was: for in my secret heart I knew that, she being at Havre, and I at Portsmouth, we could still speak together.

I saw her stand lonely on the quay in the sun-set light, as the long-silent screws churned the basin; I saw the out-push of her underlip, and the hurried hiding of her face; and my heart broke. She had meekly acquiesced, and made no attempt to force her presence upon me on the ship. I left her there watching after me, and went out to sea.

I had taken care to overhaul the little dry battery instrument of the telephone in the

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house which she had chosen for her abode. I believe that she lives and sleeps now under the drum, as I here live and sleep, sleep and live under it. The office here stands on the Cumber, so that, hearing her, I can gaze out over the expanse of water, yet see her not; and she, too, looking over the sea toward me, can hear a voice from the depths of nowhere, yet see me not.

"Good morning! Are you there?"

"Why, yes! Good morning!"

"Are you well?"

"Vely well. Are you?"

"Quite well. Have you slept well?"

"Except when you lang me up at midnight. I have had such a dleam . . ."

"Ah. Go on——"

"No; you do not deserve to hear it now."

"Well—what will you be doing to-day?"

"I? It is a blithsome day. Have you nice weather in England?"

"Lovely."

"Well, between eleven and twelve I will gather flowers and cover this loom deep, deep. Wouldn't you like to be here . . .?"

"I? Not I!"

"You would!"

"Why should I?"

"Because your little girl is here—waiting, oh waiting, for you . . ."

"Good-bye. This talking spoils my morning smoke . . ."

So we speak one with the other across the sea.

* * * * *

On the 8th of September, when I had been separated from her only three weeks, I embarked on a vessel lying in the inner harbour, to go to her.

Halfway between Portsmouth and Havre I dropped on the deck, writhing like a man in torture. But after a time the paroxysm passed; and as I resumed my place at the wheel, and turned the bows back to England, I said to myself:

"Oh no, no more! If I could bear it, I would, but I *cannot!* To-morrow as the sun sets—*without fail*—I will kill myself!"

* * * * *

Well! It is finished.

On the early morning of the next day, the 9th, when I bid her good-day through the telephone, she was long silent, then said:

"What is the matter to-day?"

"Matter?" I replied, "nothing!"

"Oh, tell me, tell me!"

"There is nothing to tell, Clodagh."

"But how can you be so *cluel* to me?" she cried, and there was anguish in that voice: "There *is* something to tell—there *is!* I know it by your voice!"

Ah, the thought crossed me then, how on the morrow she would ring, and have no answer; and she would ring again, and have no answer; and she would ring all the day, and ring, and ring; and for ever she would ring, with white hair, and the staring eyeballs of frenzy, and the universe would cry back to her howling wails only one eternal answer of silence. And as I thought it I sobbed aloud:

"May God pity you, woman!"

I don't know if she heard it; she *must*, I think, have heard it. But no reply came. There I stood, shivering like the sheeted dead by the ear-piece, waiting for her next word. At last, after half an hour, she spoke; and, to my surprise, the voice was firm. She said:

"Are you there?"

"Yes"

"What was tne colour of the poison-cloud that destloyed the world?"

"Purple."

"And it had a smell like almond and peach-blossoms?"

"Yes."

"Then there has been *another* eluption! Evely now and again I seem to scent stlange whiffs like that—and there is a purple vapour to the East, which glows and glows. See if you can see it——"

I flew—I looked—but the sky was cloudless. Back again I flew.

"I cannot see it——!"

"Then it has not tlavelled far enough westward yet——"

"My wife! you are my wife now——!"

"Am I? But shall I not soon die?"

"No!—you can escape! My wife! if only for an hour: then sweet death—together, together——!"

"How can I escape?"

"It travelled slowly before—get—quick! You have seen me turn on liquid air—you can steer by the compass: the course is directly N.E. by N.—I will meet you on the sea—oh, begone——!"

I was frantic with bliss. Even when I knew that she was gone I still stood there, hoarsely calling: "My wife! . . . my wife . . .!"

I flew to the ship which had borne me on the previous day. I set out, straining her engines.

The sea was as smooth as a lake. I saw no cloud; but about 9 a.m. on my weather beam, I spied across the water a moving

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object—the glass showed me a Havre-Antwerp boat—making for me.

I bore down upon my bride, waving: and soon I saw her stand like an ancient mariner, but in white muslins that fluttered, at her wheel on the bridge, and she waved a little white thing. And we came nearer, till I could spy her face, her smile, and I shouted her to stop, and in a minute stopped myself, and by happy steering came with slowing headway to a slight crash by her side, and ran down the trellised steps to her, and led her up; and on the deck, without saying a word, I fell to my knees before her, and I worshipped her there as Heaven.

And we were wedded: for she, too, bowed the knee with me under the jovial blue sky; and under her eyes were the little moist semi-circles of dreamy fatigue, so sweet: and God was there and saw her kneel.

* * * * *

I said to her: "We will fly to one of the Somersetshire coal-mines, and we will barricade ourselves against the cloud, and provision ourselves for six months. We have plenty of time, and no crowds to break down our barricades—and there, in the deep earth, we will live sweetly together, till the danger is over-past."

And she smiled at me, and said:

"No, no; don't you tlust in my God? Do you think He would leally let us die?"

For she has appropriated the Almighty God to herself, naming Him "*my* God"—the little impudence; though she generally knows what she is saying, too.

* * * * *

And I am now writing, three weeks later, at a little place called Château-les-Roses, and no poison-cloud, and no sign of any poison-cloud, has come. And this I do not understand.

It may be that she divined that I was about to destroy myself. But I do not understand, and shall never ask her.

But I, Adam Jeffson, second Parent of the world, hereby decree that the one Motto proper to the whole race of Man, was always, and remains, even this: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

THE END.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF A GREAT REVOLUTION.

WHITTINGTON, which is pleasantly situated on the river Rother, near Chesterfield, is a village of much historic interest, being the birthplace of the great Revolution of 1688, which freed the country from the intolerable despotism of King James II. A plot was concerted to overthrow the Popish power and to dethrone the King, the leading actors in the movement being the Duke of Devonshire, the Earls of Danby and Shrewsbury, John D'Arcy, and Compton (the Bishop of London).

"Revolution House," where the plot to overthrow James II. was conceived.

The conspirators met in the tiny cottage, now known as the "Revolution House," which still stands in Whittington, being a quaint little building composed of rough, uneven stones, with a curious lattice window in the old thatched roof, but at that time it was a prosperous country inn, bearing the sign of the "Cock and Pynot" (magpie), possessing a brewhouse where the renowned old Derbyshire ale was made and dispensed to the travellers and merchants who frequented it. The room where the conference was held still remains, and is called "The Plotting Parlour," which, until quite recently, contained the old armchair in which the Duke of Devonshire sat when he presided over the meeting. It is now carefully preserved at Hardwick Hall.

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PRINCE GEORGE AND THE PHOTOGRAPHER

How the Duke of Cornwall and York was photographed when a child.

By C. Van Noorden.

Illustrated with Photographs by Adolph Beau.

Generally speaking, there is no greater autocrat than the professional photographer, especially when firmly entrenched in the stronghold of his studio. He is no respecter of personages, and with the greatest coolness, will tell warriors and statesmen, Society beauties and stage celebrities, to modify their pose and expression to suit his august will. In his eyes all men and all women are equal; he views them merely as subjects for the camera.

Yet there comes a time when even the photographer has to yield to a power greater than his own. When a child comes to the studio to be photographed, then he or she reigns supreme, while the photographer dances attendance with indiarubber dolls and toy windmills.

This is so even to-day, when the introduction of the dry plate and the instantaneous shutter has made exposures of small fractions of a second possible under almost any circumstances.

"I can't stand this."

If these difficulties exist to-day, what, then, must have been the sufferings of the photographer of thirty years ago when he had children to deal with? With only the wet collodion plate to assist him, he was forced to give an exposure varying in length from five to twenty seconds. Naturally, with such difficulties to contend against, the results were not always very good, but nevertheless they were often marvellous, when the disadvantages are taken into account.

The portraits forming the subject of this article possess a unique interest, as being some of the very earliest taken of His Royal Highness Prince George, Duke of Cornwall and York.

These likenesses were taken by Mr. Adolph Beau, a well-known fashionable photographer of the time, to whom, with Mr. Silvy (his former partner) is to be given the credit of introducing the full length *carte-de-visite* portrait.

Mr. Beau, in 1867, had his private studio in Regent Street, and here he received a command from His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII., to take a series of portraits of the Royal children. Miniatures were to be painted from them for presentation to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales at Christmas.

In the course of an interesting conversation, Mr. Beau, who is full of anecdotes and a most lively

"Did you say *must?*"

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raconteur, described his struggles with the young Prince, and I have prevailed upon him to give the story to the public.

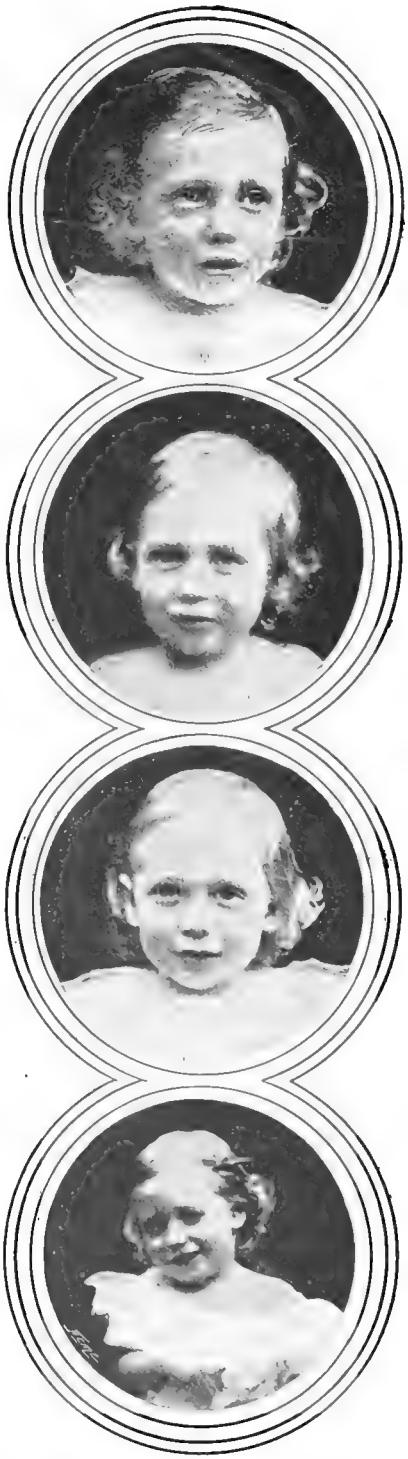
The Prince of Wales's command was a very difficult one to fulfil, considering that portraits were to be taken of children of a very tender age in November, the "month of fogs" being the worst of the year for photographic operations.

Mr. Beau was greatly aided in his task by those at Marlborough House, the young Prince being brought to the studio in the Royal carriage on no fewer than five successive days, no matter what the weather.

The result was a very interesting series of negatives from all of which the Prince of Wales had copies printed, including the naughty ones and those most suitable for the miniatures.

Prince George, although only two years and five months old at the time, was, in the words of Mr. Beau, "the embodiment of what you might call the most charming specimen of a child, full of life, frolic and liveliness. At the same time he showed a most intelligent disposition coupled with a strongly marked self-will."

He knew quite well what all the fuss was about, and his equanimity having been disturbed by the compulsory quietude of a sitting, he took it into his head after having been placed in a favourable pose, to slip off his seat and totter to the other end of the studio, muttering resolutely to himself: "George won't sit, George won't sit."



Some of the expressions with which Prince George favoured his photographer.

It is within the bounds of possibility that at this point of the proceedings, whatever may have been the photographer's opinion of Prince George as a Prince, his opinion of him as a sitter must have been anything but flattering.

Not once only were these evolutions gone through, for as soon as the young Prince was induced to come back, he would be ready to start off on some other expedition of discovery to the further end of the studio.

In vain did the artist appeal to the governess who accompanied the Royal child. She could do nothing, and merely advised him to be very stern with the little prince, as coaxing had no effect.

Mr. Beau thereupon ran after his Royal Naughtiness, and bringing him back to his seat, willy nilly, said to him in the most impressive tones he could muster: "George *must* sit."

That *must* which probably was seldom used by strangers in speaking to him and which he associated with real authority, had the desired effect on the child, and he submitted to be again placed in position, taking his revenge, however, by making a grimace. He afterwards became more tractable, and several successful exposures were made.

On another of the five days, Mr. Beau happened to mention in the child's hearing how well his eyes would come out in the

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photograph. His Royal Highness immediately began a series of gymnastics with them, winking first one, then the other, and then both at once.

All persuasion being futile to stop these antics, the young culprit had to be taken back to Marlborough House, after a photograph had been taken as a terrible example to show against future misconduct.

In May, 1868, Mr. Beau received a further command from his Royal Patron to come to Marlborough House to take some full-length *carte de visites* of the young Princes. On his arrival he found the juvenile sitters in the garden dressed in holland pinafores and deeply engaged in horticulture with the aid of wheel-barrows.

Prince Edward of Clarence and Prince George of York. The elder brother is showing a good example.

Prince George, his back to the wall, and very good.

Sulky: Prince George won't sit still—without his dog.

As soon as Prince George caught sight of Mr. Beau, no doubt remembering his escapades in Regent Street, he raised one of his hands from his trundling occupation and, pointing at the photographer, exclaimed: "Portrait."

This faculty for recollecting faces his august father, the King, is also said to possess in a high degree.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales sent the two gardeners to be dressed in garments more worthy of their station, and in a short time they reappeared like little fairy Princes. They were dressed in blouses of blue velvet of a bright turquoise colour trimmed with broad white lace, which gave a most beautiful effect; around their little hats were curled white ostrich feathers.

As on the former occasion, Prince George was inclined to be naughty. His brother, the late Duke of Clarence, was taken at the same time, but his behaviour was in the greatest contrast to that of Prince George. When seated on a chair, he remained there; when placed in any other position he occupied it as long as the photographer desired. In fact, he was an ideal sitter; and the photographer must have felt thankful that conduct like that of Prince George did not run in the family.

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The Storm: "Where is that dog?"

In spite of the whims and fancies of the latter, several successful exposures were taken, and some that were not altogether successful when viewed as studies for miniature painting are none the less charming considered simply as studies in expression.

Examine those, for instance, on page 152, which were taken at the studio. The first, with a look of childish wonder, which in the second gives way to an inclination to be restless—this is shown by the slight indistinctness of the photograph. In the next photograph the sitter is everything a sitter should be, patient, demure, and quiet. But then that unfortunate remark about his eyes set him blinking and winking, with the result that there is not much of them to be distinguished in the photograph.

The three portraits on this page also convey with wonderful clearness the changes that took place. In the first, Prince George—may we be pardoned for speaking thus of Royalty—looks rather sulky. In the second he thinks he can hear something approaching. In the third, he breaks into a smile as his dog comes into sight.

A mistake often made by photographers is to try and induce a child to put on a certain expression by artificial means. Even if the subject of the portrait be an adult, the results are sufficiently horrible when this device is employed, for most grown-ups, when told to look pleasant, only distort their features into a ghastly grin. Not so, however, with children who are still very young. They, as a rule, consider the blandishments of the photographer as a personal affront and howl vigorously for about an hour. Sometimes their indignation may take another form, but it is generally well calculated to prevent the photographer from taking the required portrait.

Although Mr. Beau found Prince George very lively and restless, he eventually succeeded in securing some excellent photographs. And this success must in no small measure have been due to the judgment with which he managed his somewhat unruly sitter.

For in all the photographs the expression and general pose of the Prince are perfectly natural and genuine, and are obviously not produced by the device just mentioned.

And it will be agreed that they are all the better for it.

The Calm: "Do I hear pawsteps?"

Sunshine: "Ah! here he is!"

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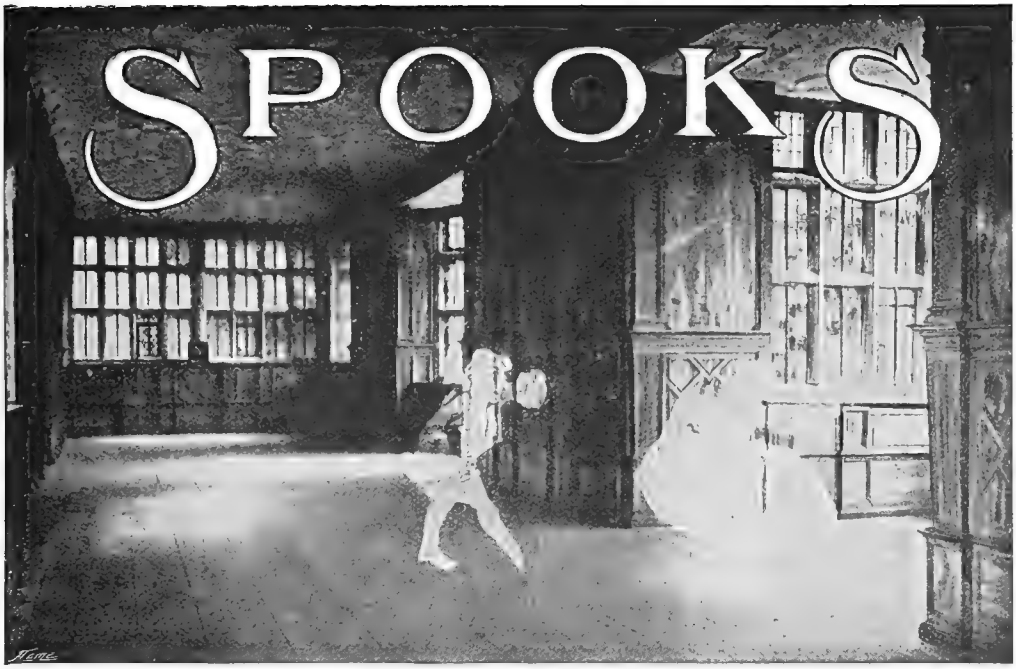
SPOOKS



The spectral dancers of the ball-room.

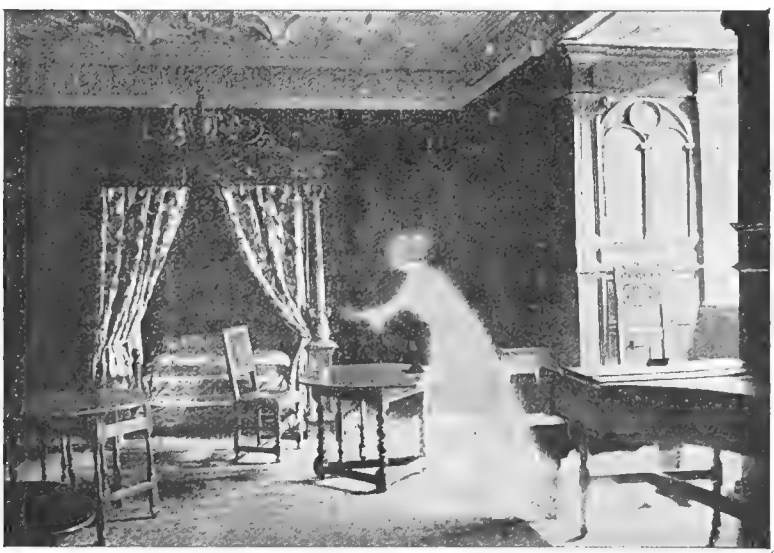
An Interesting Article showing how Ghosts are Manufactured by the Camera.

By Sydney Williams.

Illustrated with Photographs by T. C. Hepworth.

Time was when the ancient and honourable company of ghosts frequently sent one or more of its members to haunt and in various ways to molest any wretched mortal who might transgress its unwritten laws or trespass on its privacy. Indeed, to this day, we find in almost every country town and village a haunted mansion or a ruined abbey where the spirits of long-dead squires and priests are reported to ramble at will. But lucky indeed is the man who can truthfully assert that he has seen one of these ghostly visitants.

Indeed, if the average man of the present day actually did see a ghost, the probability is



The haunted chamber with its nightly visitant. This ghost photograph was printed from two separate negatives, the one on which the figure of the lady appears having been purposely underexposed.

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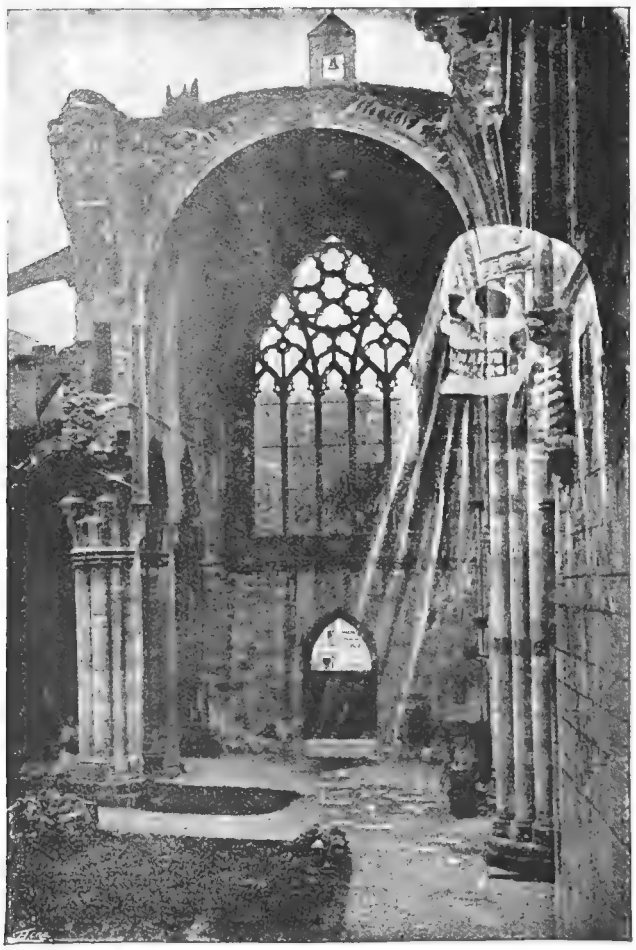

The spectre of the ruined abbey. In this photograph the ghost was impressed on the plate before the rest of the picture was filled in. To obtain the background, the ruins of an abbey, the plate was afterwards exposed in the ordinary way.

that he would sooner believe himself intoxicated than that he had seen with his own eyes a spectre, which, like a sensible person, he would doubtless consider a mythical and imaginary creature.

Even the old-time turnip with the lighted candle inside has lost its terror for the rustic, who having passed the seventh standard at the Board School, knows that it was no ghost, an entirely fabulous creature, but Bill Stubbs, some other yokel, trying to frighten him with an artificial bogey.

No wonder, indeed, that the spirits have deserted us in disgust, preferring probably to haunt some world where their ghostly forms are not put down to the moonlight, and the noises they make to rats or some other such prosaic cause.

Nevertheless, in spite of this dearth of ghostly visitants, most people have seen, at one time or another, a photograph containing a spectral figure, asserted—sometimes seriously, but more often not—to be a ghost. For the benefit of those who have not seen any photographs of this description, several are reproduced in this article, all of them undeniably ghostly in appearance.

In spite of this, however, the photographer did not go to the trouble of persuading some ghosts to pose for him. On the contrary, when his methods are explained, they will be found so simple that the veriest amateur will be able to produce ghost-photographs if he so desires.

There are several methods by which such results may be obtained. The simplest is that in which a human figure is suitably attired and then posed as the ghost. When everything is ready, the photographer gives a very short exposure, far too short to do anything more than get a general impression of the picture on the plate. The ghost immediately moves out of range, and then, while all the other details of the picture remain the same, a second—and this time, normal—exposure is given, making everything come out distinctly on the plate except the ghost, who only appears as a white and unsubstantial spectre. Moreover, it appears transparent also, as the second exposure produces an image of the objects that were behind the ghost and which still seem to be behind it in the photograph.

This method, it will easily be seen, is capable of considerable extension, and any number of ghosts can be introduced into the picture at the will of the photographer. Its chief disadvantage lies in the fact that it is necessary to have at least two accomplices, one to act the part of the spiritual visitant and the other that of the human being who is visited. Of course, it is possible to photograph a ghost alone, but such a picture often looks less convincing than one in which a human being appears as well.

The second method is based on the power

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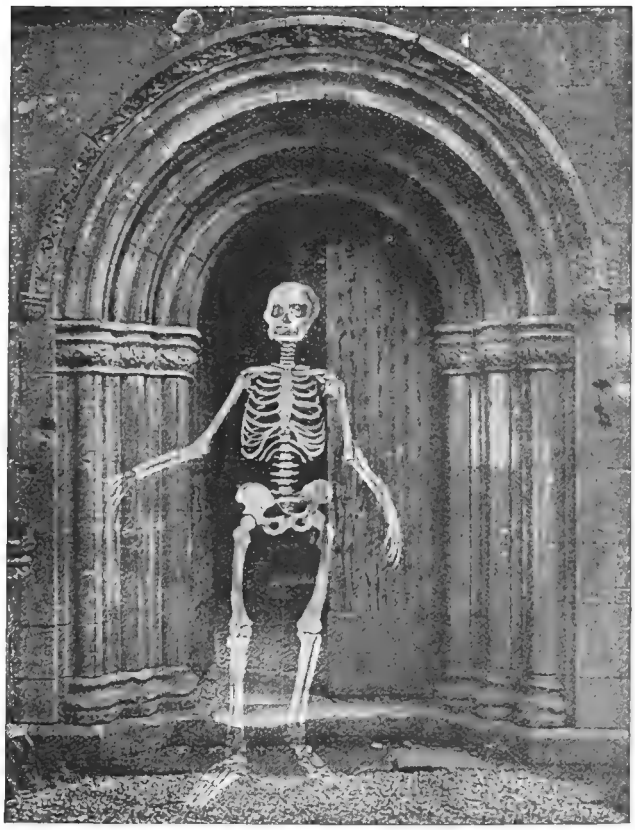
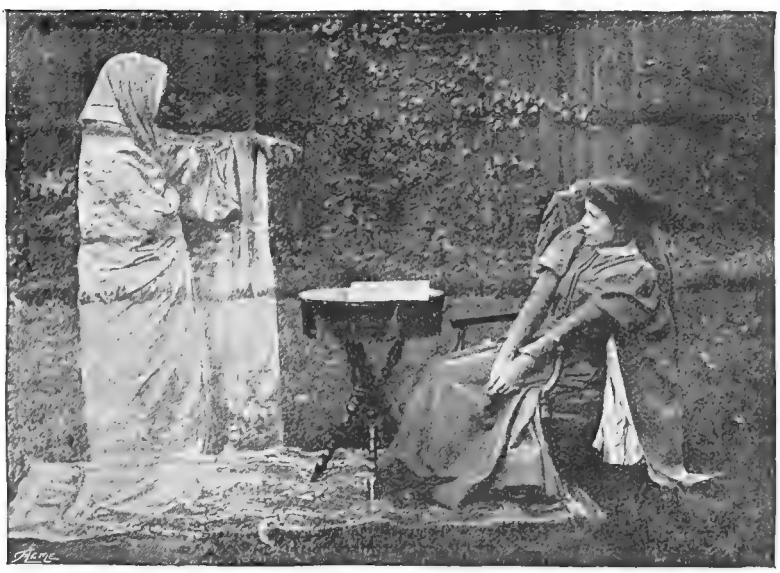
of the modern dry-plate to retain an image for almost any length of time. A short impression is taken of a suitable figure and the plate is then laid by till some future occasion, when the rest of the picture can be filled in.

One hears sometimes of superstitious persons being frightened by the appearance on a photographic plate of the wraith of some departed relative or friend —as they believe. In such cases it has been, of course, the photographer who was responsible for the spiritual manifestation on the plate—his idea being either a practical joke, or, possibly, a deep-laid scheme for blackmail. The method by which the deception would be accomplished in a case like this is the one just described, a plate with a ghost already on it being used.

A third way is to act directly on the plate, either before or after exposure. This method is simple in the extreme, but the results are as a rule rougher than those obtained by the other methods. All that is necessary is to cut a piece of cardboard to the size and shape of the required spectre, paint it over with some substance which will have an action on the sensitised plate, and apply it direct to the plate. Some phosphorescent compound is the best substance to use for painting the cardboard.



The figure of the skeleton was first painted in Chinese white on black paper and then photographed. The gateway is the subject of a separate negative.



The messenger of doom. This photograph was taken with two exposures on the same plate. After one short exposure the "ghost" moved out of the picture, which was then again exposed to make it clear.

The chief drawback to this method is, as was mentioned before, the fact that the ghost does not come out very clearly, but is inclined to appear only as a blob of white light.

A photograph like that in which a skeleton appears standing at the

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gateway of a castle, is taken by a different method. The skeleton is first painted in Chinese white upon black paper and then photographed. The rest of the picture is the subject of a separate negative, the two being printed so as to form one picture.

There are still more simple means of producing uncanny effects upon a photograph. Perhaps the simplest of all would be to operate direct upon the negative with a pencil in the following manner. Cover the back of the negative with a piece of tracing paper, or *papier mineral*, and upon this draw the spirit form required, remembering that the blacks will print white, and *vice versâ*. When the negative is printed from, the spirit form, being removed from actual contact with the paper by the thickness of the glass, will not be so sharply defined as the rest of the picture, and will therefore have the slight amount of "fuzziness" which, for some occult reason, is associated with spooks.

This photograph and the two on the next page were all printed from two negatives, one containing the ordinary details of the picture, and the other the "ghost."

A more scientific way of producing intentional markings upon a photographic plate is by means of the X-Rays, and there is no doubt that ghost-like figures could by this means be conveyed to a receptive surface from a considerable distance. More than this—as the rays will penetrate through wood and cardboard, it would be quite possible to affect a plate, although the apparatus happened to be in an adjoining room.

Thus the X-Rays might be employed in impressing a ghostly form on a photographic plate, although that plate was contained in a box, or in the usual dark slide of the camera. A stencil, cut into the form of a ghost in metal foil, placed momentarily over the box or slide holding the photographic plate in the path of those rays, would be infallibly impressed as if by light. Thus the image would become visible on development, together with the image of any person for the production of whose portrait the plate might have been utilised.

There is nothing elaborate in the apparatus required in any of these methods except the last one, and the rawest amateur should be able, after a little practice, to produce results calculated to make the hair of any superstitious relative stand on end with fright, if he or she have not been initiated into the mystery.

Indeed, for the practical joker, an endless field of action is opened up by these devices. Nowadays, he can, of course, pursue his nefarious calling with impunity, for the

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customs of the good old times are passed away, and the village pond is no longer the receptacle for all those who deal, however slightly, in things supernatural.

In the good old times, of course, the method of dealing with supposed witches and wizards was drastic in the extreme. Any unhappy wretch who was suspected of witchcraft was dragged to the pond and held under the surface for about five minutes. If, at the end of that time, he was dead, the finger of Fate had clearly punished him for his sins. If he was still alive, then, obviously, he had survived by witchcraft, and the sooner he was killed the better. Some such terrible fate would certainly have overtaken the writer of this article if he had lived three or four hundred years ago.

A ghost who adapts himself to modern improvements and appears in a drawing-room.

The ghost of the cloister.

The ghosts in the photographs illustrating our subject are of many different types, but all are well known.

Everyone has read of the spectral monk and the ghost of the cloister; while the dancers who go through a stately minuet night after night for centuries, perhaps in the hall of some ancient castle, are the subject of many old and familiar tales.

But, though our illustrations cover a lot of ground, fresh ideas will be thought of by every photographer who takes up this branch of photography, which, though it may not be especially artistic, is certainly extremely interesting, and capable of wide application.

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A BIG BILL

By Owen Oliver.

I was just finishing breakfast when the misunderstanding began.

"The fact is, my dear," I said, "I've a big bill to meet."

"Bother your bills!" said Kitty.

"By all means. They bother me enough."

She stood by the fireplace tapping the fender with her foot.

"I shall never see another like it," she remarked mournfully. "It's quite cheap. Only two guineas."

I groaned.

"Two guineas! For a hat!"

"Ye—es. It isn't dear, really, Fred; not for what it is. Why I saw one in *Toke & Tile's* last week with *ever* so much less on it—just a plain straw and—" I fear I forget the descriptions.

"I really can't manage it," I told her, when she paused for breath. "I don't want to grumble, Kit; but you've had £3 over your dress allowance already."

She flushed hotly.

"You need not throw it in my face, if I have. Uncle John never did."

Uncle John is a crusty old bachelor. He brought Kitty up. People said that he spoiled her. I should have said so myself, only I did not see how any change of bringing up could possibly have improved her.

"Uncle John is rich. I'm not." She turned her back on me and shrugged her shoulders. When I had finished lacing my boots, I took hold of them—her shoulders, I mean—and turned her round. "You shouldn't have been so silly as to marry a poor man." She held me by the lappels of my coat and smiled.

"Perhaps I like you as well as hats," she said. "I'm afraid I'm dreadfully extravagant!" She sighed. "It *is* such a love!"

"Perhaps next month—?" She shook her head.

"It will be gone then."

"There are as good hats in the shops as ever came out of them."

She shook herself impatiently.

"No doubt it is a joke to you. *You* would not care if I wore a last year's hat to Paddington to meet Bill to-morrow." Bill was her brother.

"I feel in love with your last year's hats."

"The last year's *me*."

"Every year's *you*," I assured her. We had only been married seven months.

"I can do very well without it, dear," she said after a short interval.

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"If it weren't for that bill," I said doubtfully. "I don't know that they'd press me. Perhaps I might—"

"No, no! I won't. You'll lose your train, Fred."

She held up my overcoat and I slipped into it.

"I'd like you to have it, of course," I told her. She looked at me with her head on one side and a finger on her lip.

"If I mentioned to Uncle John that I'd seen a hat that I liked——"

"No, no!" I said sharply. "It's my business to keep you now, not Uncle John's." To be candid, he and I did not get on very well.

"I'm sorry to—to be a burden." She took out her handkerchief. "You're very unkind."

"Don't be bad friends, Kit."

"I—I'm not. Only—"

I could see that she was thinking of fresh arguments. So I kissed her quickly and fled. I congratulated myself on my escape till I reached the corner, and looked back and saw Kitty smiling and waving her hand. Then I realised that she would have the hat after all!

When I arrived at the office I found a telegram, saying that her brother William's ship had reached Plymouth a day before time, and that he would get to Paddington about 1.50 p.m. Also, I found a request from one of our best customers that I would call on him at 1.45. So I sent a wire to Kitty:

Cannot meet Bill
Due to-day 1.50
Ask Uncle John
Fred.

When I had finished my urgent business I rushed off home, arriving just before three. Kitty met me at the door. She was naturally excited.

"Has he come?" I inquired.

"Yes. He's in the drawing-room."

I entered hastily, but her brother was not there. Her uncle was. He stood upon the hearthrug with his back to the fire and his arms under his coat-tails.

"Pleased to see you," I remarked affably.

"No doubt!" He ignored my hand, and frowned at me over his spectacles.

"Well," I said with some annoyance, "I don't quite—er—"

"A pretty mess you've made of things!" I regarded him with astonishment.

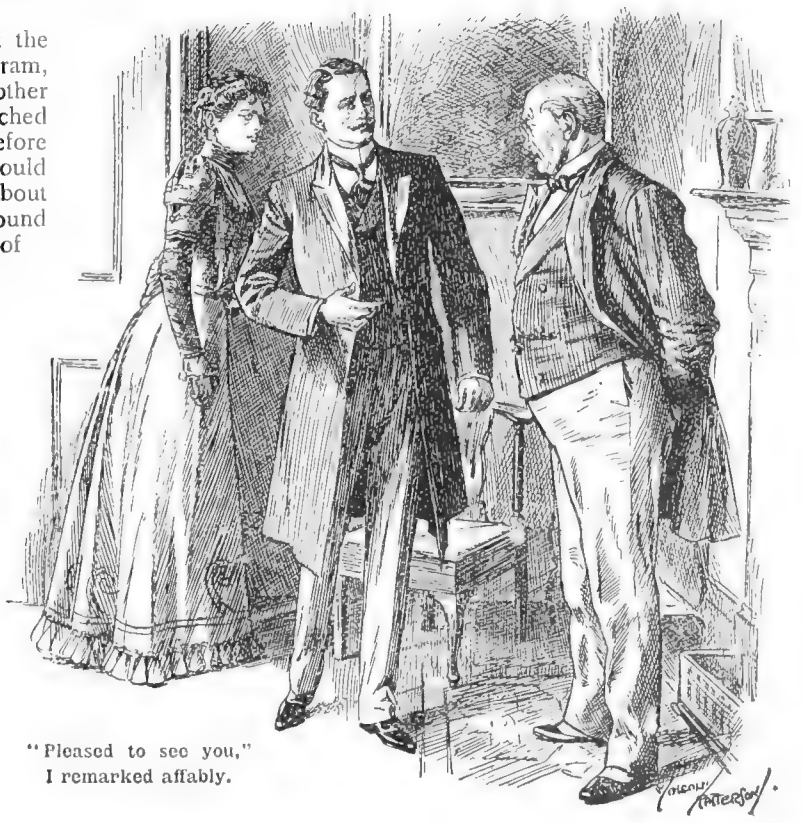
"I don't know what right—" I began; but Kitty pressed my arm suddenly. I noticed that she had been crying.

"However," he continued, "I expected something of the sort sooner or later." He applied the poker to the fire as though the coal represented my head.

"I'm sure it's not Fred's fault," Kitty protested. I was too bewildered for speech.

"A man," said he, flourishing the poker, "has no business to marry unless he can keep his wife properly."

"Kitty has told you!" I looked at her reproachfully.



"Pleased to see you," I remarked affably.

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"Read this, William," he commanded.

"What else did you expect?"

I shook my arm free from hers and paced the room savagely.

"Anyhow I've done my best for her."

"Oh, yes!" She tried to take my arm again, but I would not let her.

"I never thought you'd round on me, Kit," I remonstrated, a trifle unsteadily.

"Who said she has?" snapped her uncle. "She had no business to speak to you about it."

"You told me to!" she cried.

I raised my eyebrows.

"Nothing was further from my thoughts."

"But—" she began. Uncle John stopped her with a wave of the hand.

"Anyhow, Kitty has told me. Of course I cannot let her want. I have written a cheque for the amount, but—"

"She shall not touch it," I vowed ferociously. "If you think that you are going to insult me in my own house—"

"Fred!" pleaded Kitty. "Fred!"

"You are an insolent young—idiot!" roared her uncle.

"Idiot or not," I thundered, "I will stand no interference between my wife and me. If Kitty is not satisfied with what I can do for her, she can—" Kitty gave such a violent sob that I had to put my arm round her.

"As for the hat," I told her huskily, "I made up my mind this morning that you should have it."

"Oh!" she wailed. "As if that mattered!"

"If it doesn't matter, why did you speak about it to your uncle?"

She looked up at me with her eyes swimming. She has the loveliest eyes.

"Of course I didn't!"

"You young—ass!" said he.

I stared at them both.

"Then," I inquired, "whatever are you talking about?"

At that moment there was a bang at the front door, and we heard Brother Bill's big voice.

"Not a word before Bill, for my sake," Kitty pleaded.

Google

Her uncle and I glared at one another as we nodded. Then her brother rushed in like a breath of fresh air. He is a huge, good-natured, breezy fellow.

"Hulloa, little Kit. Prettier than ever!" He hugged her.

"Why, uncle, you get younger every day!" Uncle John grunted a mollified grunt.

"Fred, you old bounder, why didn't you meet me? I suppose you got my wire, saying I was due at one-fifty?"

"Yes, old man. I couldn't get off, so I wired to Kit. I thought she'd get her uncle to bring her; but—" I looked at her. She looked at Uncle John. Uncle John looked at me. Brother Bill looked at us all in wonder.

After we had stared at one another for a few moments, Uncle John burst into an extraordinary roar of laughter. I had never heard him laugh before. Kitty always said that he did so biennially.

She began laughing and crying together, till Bill and I shook her, to stave off hysterics.

"I think," I confided to him, "they've both taken leave of their senses this afternoon."

Uncle John gave another yell. Then he picked up a telegram from the octagonal table.

"Read this, William," he commanded. This was my telegram, as delivered:

Cannot	meet	bill	due	to-day
one	hundred	and	fifty	Ask
Uncle	John.			

Fred.

"If I had my way," remarked Uncle John, "I would dismiss every telegraph clerk in the service!"

"What!" I cried. "You thought I wanted to borrow the money!"

Uncle John took a pinch of snuff very deliberately.

"It seems," he confessed, "that I misjudged you, nephew." He had never called me that before.

"I misjudged you too, Sir," I said slowly. "Only I think you might have asked particulars, before—"

"Before he wrote us a cheque," suggested Kitty, pulling it out of her pocket and squeezing my arm appealingly.

"It was very good of you, Sir," I confessed gratefully. He blew his nose furiously. Then he held out his hand and I shook it.

"We shall understand one another better in future, my boy."

Kitty laughed in her quick way, and patted her brother's arm.

"Thanks to—Our Big Bill!"

THE illustration here given is a reduced facsimile of one of Tom Browne's exceedingly humorous illustrations to Mr. Arnold Golsworthy's merrily irresponsible book, "The New Master." It is so rarely that one comes across a really funny book that it is with pleasure that we are able to recommend this story of the trials of a new master in a boy's school to anyone who enjoys a good joke, or who has a fit of the "blues" and wishes to be put in a good temper.

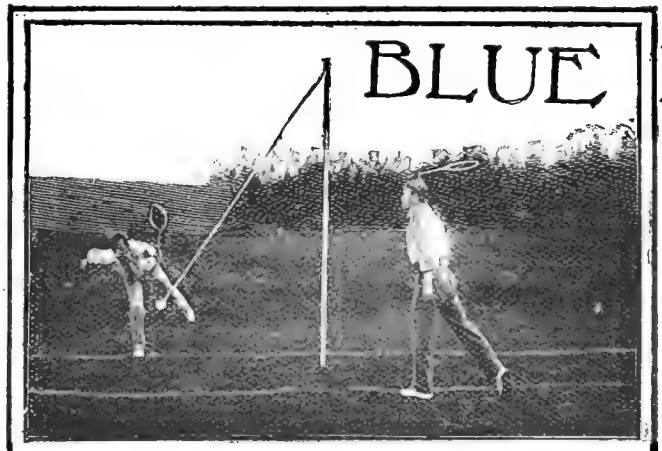
It is intended for sheer amusement, and for this purpose it would be hard to find a better volume.

Google

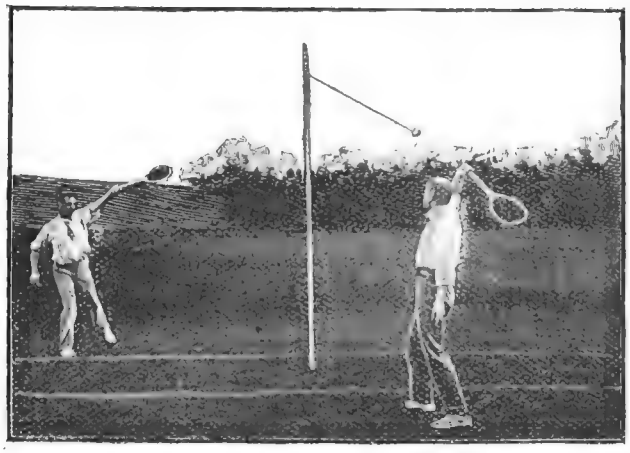
BLUE MONKEY

Showing how to Make the Most of the Possibilities of a Garden.

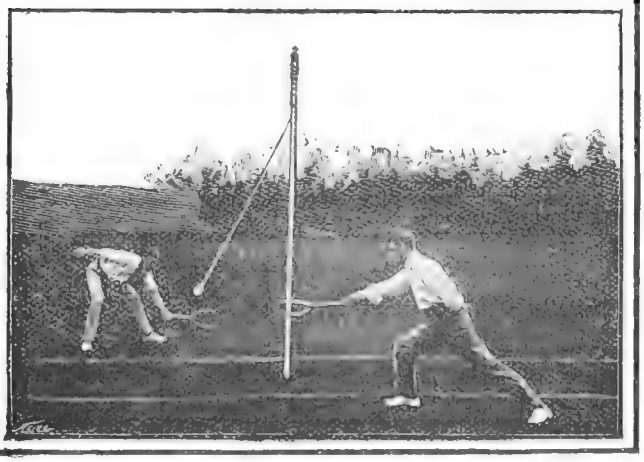
By John Jones.



The start of a vigorous game.



The left-handed player hits high.



How to meet a low return.

"Come along, I'll take you on at squish-squash."

"What?"

"Squish-squash — you know—blue-monkey."

"*Blue-monkey?*"

"Yes; that's only another name for lika-polo."

"Lika-a what?"

"Lika-polo, or spiral-polo —you may take your choice of names."

"Personally," said I, "I have no preference whatever; each seems as idiotic as the other. Are you sure that there aren't any other names for it?"

"Well," said my friend, "I think blue-monkey is the best name, but certainly the Smiths always call it bumble-puppy, while Jones prefers——"

"Bumble-puppy?" (At last I saw light.) "Why didn't you say so at first?" I cried. "Of course I know bumble-puppy. But," I added (it was a lovely summer morning, and I had just come down from Town to enjoy a quiet day in the country with my friend) "but isn't it rather early for cards?"

"*Cards?*" (He was mystified now.) "Oh, good gracious, you are thinking of dummy-whist bumble-puppy! This isn't that. This is outdoor bumble-puppy, garden bumble-puppy, lawn bumble-puppy — the greatest lawn game going when the ground's too wet for tennis. It's no end of good fun. Come along."

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Google

"Then," said I, relieved to find it was an out-door game after all, "I'm with you. Squish-squash, blue-monkey, lika-polo, spiral-polo, bumble-puppy, or what-not—however you call it, I'm your man. Lead on."

My friend led the way out into the garden, and there, just beyond the top of the rain-sodden tennis court, a high pole had been erected, jointed in the middle, with a string hanging from the top almost to the ground, and with a ball, encased in a net, at the end of the string. Two parallel lines had been marked out, each about a yard from the pole.

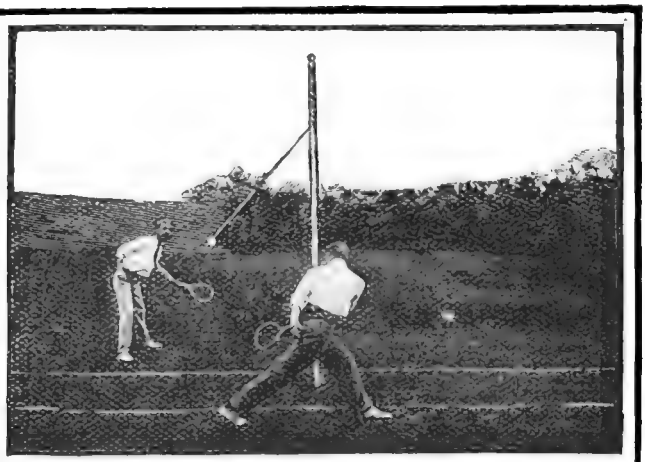
"Now," said my friend throwing off his hat and coat, discarding his tie, and rolling up his sleeves, as though stripping for a fight, "you take this racquet and stand over there, and as soon as I've said the word 'Go,' you must concentrate all your efforts on keeping the ball flying round and round the stick in the same way that the sun goes; I'll try to keep it flying round the other way, and whoever gets all the string wound up first, wins a point. All you have to remember is not to come over the line. Are you ready?"

He took the ball in his hand, and swung it gently across to my side of the pole.

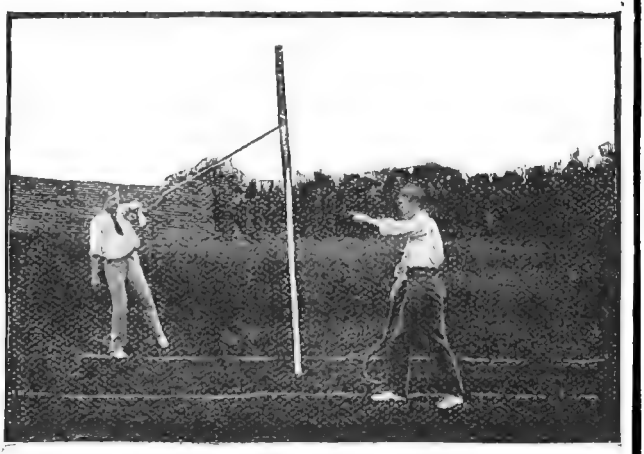
I hit it with my racquet, with all my strength, and stopped to see what he would do.

The next thing I saw was a blaze of lights, as the ball cannoned off my right eye.

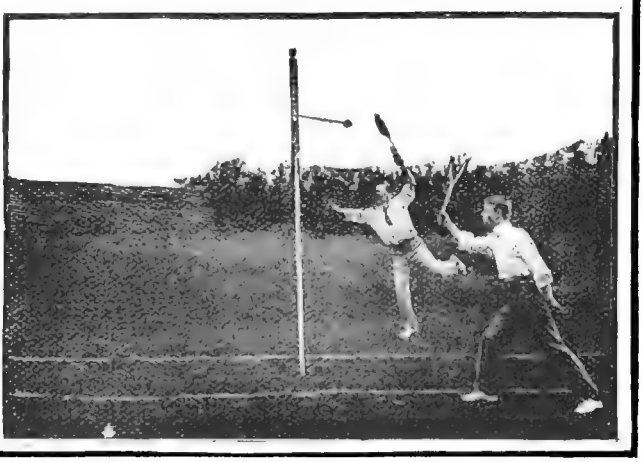
"Sorry," cried my friend, "but never mind, keep the pot a-boiling!" And he hit the ball with terrific force, sending it flying over my head, and twirling round the pole. As it shot past him, he caught it another terrific blow, and again it flew over my head and around the



A study in pose.

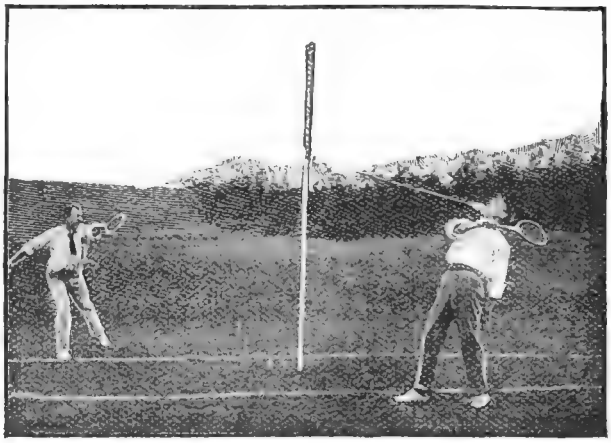


"Foul!" The striker's racquet is entangled in the string.

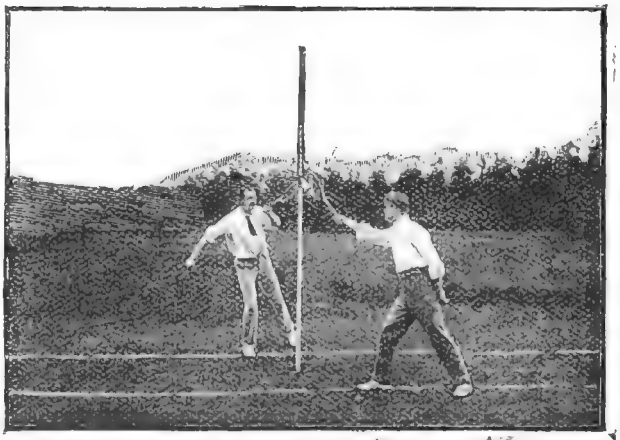


An exciting moment—the string is almost wound round the pole.

Google



A smack in the face.



"Victory!" The left-handed player wins a game by making the ball touch the pole.

A lady's set.

pole; again he hit, with the same result, again, and again, each time sending it flying high over my head, until finally the ball knocked against the pole, all the string having been neatly wound round it.

"*That's* the way to play," cried my friend joyously. "That gives me three points—thirteen points make one game. Come along, keep the pot a-boiling!"

He twisted the ball around the pole until all the string was unwound; then he said, "Are you ready? Go!" again, and again swung the ball across to my side.

So far I had hit the ball once to his twenty times. He had been having all the fun and had scored one point—I had scored a black eye. This time I determined to do better.

So, as before, I hit the ball when he swung to me with a fine swinging stroke, and though he managed to return it, I managed to volley it back again in the way I wanted it to go. For half a minute we kept up a vigorous volleying, he patting the ball round the pole one way, I patting to round the other way—whenever I could reach it.

For half a minute, as I say, we played vigorously—and then he returned the ball to me in the softest, simplest way in the world. I dealt it a fearful blow—but, unfortunately, instead of hitting the ball, I hit the string, so that the ball merely wound itself around the handle of my racquet!

"Ha, ha," jeered my friend, "the penalty for that is that you give me a point. Start it off again."

I put all my energy into the task of driving that miserable ball round that miserable pole, to keep, as my opponent said, the pot a-boiling. I hit harder than ever—and soon my friend had all his work cut out to

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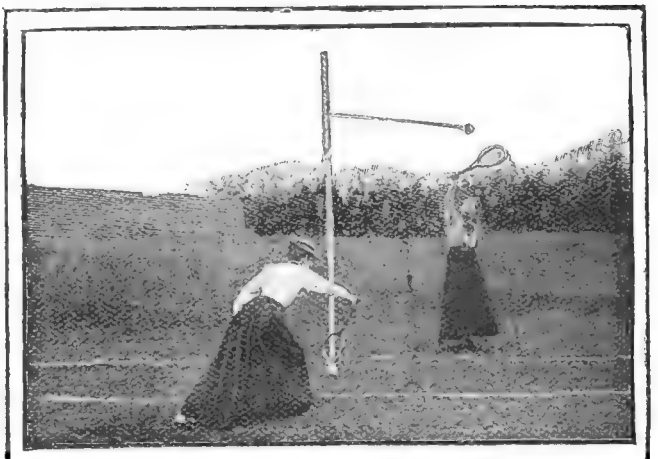
prevent me scoring. It was lucky for him, indeed, that one of the finest strokes I had made had the bad luck to send the ball flying off the end of the string into a neighbour's garden, or he might not have won the first game at all. As it was, he penalised me, as usual, by adding another point to his score, which gave him the game.

For two mortal hours we played at blue-monkey. At the end of that time I was so exhausted that I could hardly stand; I could hardly raise my right arm; my shoulder felt as though every demon of rheumatism in the world had settled upon it. The score stood at six sets of thirteen points each to my opponent's credit; my score was nil.

My friend tried to persuade me to play just one more set, but I said my only desire just then was to go indoors and lie down on a sofa. I said that his blue-monkey tricks made me tired.

NOTE.—Our contributor takes a somewhat exaggerated view of "blue-monkey." This game of many names is voted by all who know it well to be the next best game to lawn-tennis it is possible to play. It has the advantage over tennis that it can be played in any garden with a few square yards of space. All the accessories can be "bought in a box," or they can be easily extemporised; a high pole, a piece of string, a ball, and a couple of racquets are all that is required. Blue-monkey can be played in summer and winter, and will be found full of exhilaration. The chief rules to bear in mind are that neither player must cross the line, or hit the pole with his racquet, or strike at the ball in such a way that the string becomes caught over his racquet—the penalty for any of these contingencies being the loss of a point. Three points are scored when a player succeeds in winding all the string round the pole so that the ball rests against it above its middle; and thirteen points go to one game.



A clever back-handed return.

Vigorous hitting.

"Sticks!" The penalty for hitting the pole is to lose a point.

Google

"FLO"

A STORY TOLD IN DOCUMENTS BY ALBERT SPENCER

1

4 Park Terrace
Brighton
Mar 8th 1900

My dear nephew
Flo has just been
here for the Post free days.
To save sending her to
London for a little change.
I know your Mother will
be pleased to have her for
a time. She arrives at
London Bridge at 12.2 to morrow
(Wednesday) I rely upon you
to meet her without fail.
Send to take care of
her Your affectionate Aunt
Algernon Dear Eye Tabitha Sole

2

5 MIDDLE TEMPLE
E.C.

Wednesday

Dear Mater,

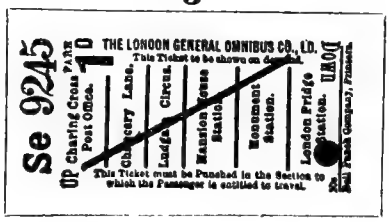
Aunt Tabby writes that she is sending Cousin Flo to us for a change. I didn't know Flo was staying with her; but you'll like to have her, won't you?

I am meeting her at London Bridge. we shall arrive home at about six.

Love—

Algy

3


Se 9245
THE LONDON GENERAL OMNIBUS CO., LD.
This Ticket to be shown on demand.
1D
UP Charing Cross Post Office
Chancery Lane
Ludgate Circus
Mansion House Station
Monument Station
London Bridge Station
DOWN
This Ticket must be Punched in the Section to which the Passenger is entitled to travel.

4

A. Posts ____ Date ____

POST OFFICE TELEGRAPHS. (Inland Telegrams.)

No. of Telegram ____

Office of Origin and Service Instructions | Words | Sent At ____ m. | Charges | To ____ By ____

For Postage Stamps. The Stamps must be affixed by the sender, and must not cover any writing. Any Stamps not thus affixed must have should be affixed at the back of this Form.

A Receipt for the Charges on this Telegram can be obtained, price 1 penny.

NOTICE.—This Telegram will be accepted for transmission subject to the Telegraph Acts, the Regulations made thereunder, and the Notice printed at the back hereof.

12 words 6D. Every additional word, ½D. Every word over-charged to charge for whether in addresses or text.

TO { Sole 4 Park Terrace Brighton

Cannot find Flo

FROM { Algernon

The Name and Address of the Sender, IF NOT TO BE TELEGRAPHED, should be written in the Space provided at the Back of the Form.

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Google

5

POST OFFICE TELEGRAPHS. No. of Telegram.....

Office Stamp. BRIGHTON * MY 9 00 H.T.O.

Brain & Brettingham, London.

If the accuracy of an Inland Telegram be doubted, the telegram will be repeated on payment of half the amount originally paid for its transmission, any fraction of 1d. less than ½d. being reckoned as ½d.; and if it be found that there was any inaccuracy, the amount paid for repetition will be refunded. Special conditions are applicable to the repetition of Foreign Telegrams.

Charges to pay £ s. d.

Handed in at Brighton at 3·5 p.m. Received here at 3·36 p.m.

TO { Vere 5 Middle Temple London

Flo babelled be to lost suspense — must be delivered Persian Algernon shall Dole — be Cat at Vere never — found Valuable London Esq forgive — Basket to Bridge If Great

6

London, Brighton & South Coast Railway.

REGISTERED 2008

Goods Office,
London Bridge Terminus, S.E.

May 10th, 1900.

Sir,

In reply to your letter of yesterday I beg to state that the animal to which you refer was duly delivered, as consigned, to the order of Algernon Vere.

I enclose receipt for your inspection and favour of return.

Yours faithfully,
T. Snookson,
for GOODS MANAGER.

Algernon Vere, Esq.

The London Brighton and South Coast Railway Company (1863)

London Bridge. P. 81 1877

_____ Delivery Porter. Van number_____ Time issued_____ _____ 19

In case this Sheet be lost, 2s. 6d. reward will be given to any party returning the same to the Company.

Station	Description	Mark and Nos	Name		Address	Delivery s	Delivery d	Total Amount to Pay		Signature
London Bridge	Basket	Persian Cat	Algernon Vere		To be called for					Algernon Vere

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7

5 MIDDLE TEMPLE
E.C.

14th May, 1900.

Dear Little Flo,

What I meant was that I'd anticipated events a bit. Everyone said I was sure to get the beast back if I offered a reward. So I wired Aunt Tabby that I had found it—just to save a fuss!

Now the police think it must have been sold to a dealer before I advertised; but I should not know it if I saw it in a shop.

Couldn't you run up and help? If I couldn't get the cat, it would be jolly to have you!

Yours in haste & devotion—

Algy

P.S. Do answer the question in my last letter.

8

3 CAREY ST
EASTBOURNE

May 15th 1900

Dear old Algy,

Of course I will come and help you look for the horrid thing. I know exactly what it is like. We must find it, or Aunt Tabby will never forgive you.

I shall leave by the 10-15 tomorrow. There is no need for you to come down to Redhill to meet me.

With cousinly love

Florence Meadows.

P.S. The Persian cat is much like another.

P.S. 2. Of course if you really want to come to Redhill, it would be nice to have company.

P.S. 3. You should not ask silly questions—you know I do.

Google

9

Established 1842

Mr A Vere

May 14th 1900

Dr to H. BUDDING & SONS
Florists.

108 COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

Terms Cash

	Early Roses from Mr.		10	6
	Buttonhole		1	9
	Received with thanks J Budding		12	3

T.P.T.L. | The Palace Theatre, Limited. Manager Mr. CHARLES MORTON
17/5/1900 | Evening Performance Saturday, May. 17, 1900.
B 14. FAUTEUILS | FAUTEUILS. PRICE 7/6 Row B No 14.
This Portion admits One Person to the Theatre and is to be given up

10

T.P.T.L. | The Palace Theatre, Limited. Manager Mr. CHARLES MORTON
17/5/1900 | Evening Performance Saturday, May 17, 1900.
B 15. FAUTEUILS | FAUTEUILS. PRICE 7/6 Row B No. 15.
This Portion admits One Person to the Theatre, and is to be given up

11

A. Prefix: _____ Code: _____

POST OFFICE TELEGRAPHS. (Inland Telegrams.)

No. of Telegram _____

For Postage Stamps.
The Stamps must be affixed by the Sender, and must not overlap. Any Stamp for which there is not room here should be affixed at the back of this Form.

A Receipt for the Charges on this Telegram can be obtained, price Twopence.

Office of Origin and Service Instructions | Words | Sent At ____ M. | Charge | To ____ | By ____

NOTICE.—This Telegram will be accepted for transmission subject to the Telegraph Acts, the Regulations made thereunder, and the Notice printed at the back hereof.

12 words, 6D. Every additional word, ½D. Every word telegraphed is charged for, whether in addresses or text.

TO { Sole 4 Park Terrace Brighton

Do	not	worry	He	well
and	happy	Taking	great	care
of	her	She	grows	fonder
of	me	every	day	

FROM { Algernon

The Name and Address of the Sender, IF NOT TO BE TELEGRAPHED, should be written in the Space provided at the Back of the Form.

(This Paper Manufactured and Printed by Hoddergoodale & Co. Limited.)

Google

12

Established 1781 817 *Regent Street* W.

M A. Vere Esq *May 29th 1900*

5 Middle Temple E.C.

Dr to

STONE, SON & STONE.

COURT JEWELLERS.

(By Appointment)

	Diamond & Sapphire Ring	15	15	0
	Gold Brooch chased and Engraved £2 0.	2	15	0
	£	18	10	0

13

115 Seven Dials

Mr *Vere*

BOT OF

SAMl DOGGETT.

Dealer in Live Stock and Animals' Food.

may 30	*Persin Cat to order*	5	5	0

FAMILIES WAITED ON REGULARLY.

14

Cat with care

Miss Tabitha Sole
4 Park Terrace
Brighton

Google

15

4 Park Terrace
Brighton

May 31st 1900

Algernon

I have returned the wretched Guarrilessness Lousy Cat, which you disinterestedly substituted for my sweet darling, Unless you send her at once. I shall instruct Mr Grabbet to take proceedings. The person who would steal my Persian cat is no Nephew of mine.

Tabitha Sole

16

Codicil

I Tabitha Sole hereby revoke any and every bequest to my nephew Algernon Vere and direct that whenever the name of the said Algernon Vere is mentioned in my Will of the 15th day of December 1891 the said Will shall be read and construed as if the Home for Incurable Cats were substituted for the name of the said Algernon Vere

Given under my hand this 31st day of May in the year 1900

Signed by the Testatrix in the presence of us both present at the same time who in her presence and in the presence of each other have hereunto set our names as Witnesses . . . . . } Tabitha Sole

Thomas Penn Clerk in Holy Orders

William Ethel of Southsea Gentleman.

17

A. Prefix ____ Code ____

POST OFFICE TELEGRAPHS. (Inland Telegrams.)

No. of Telegram ____

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Office of Origin and Service Instructions.	Words.	Sent
		At ____ M.
	Charge.	To ____
		By ____

NOTICE.—This Telegram will be accepted for transmission subject to the Telegraph Acts, the Regulations made thereunder, and the Notice printed at the back hereof.

12 words, 6D. Every additional word, ½D. Every word telegraphed is charged for, whether in addresses or text.

TO { Sole 4 Park Terrace Brighton

Heart	broken	by	unjust	suspicion
Must	have	been	stolen	on
journey	Am	investigating		

FROM { Algernon

The Name and Address of the Sender, IF NOT TO BE TELEGRAPHED, should be written in the Space provided at the Back of the Form.

(This Paper Manufactured and Printed by McCORQUODALE & Co. Limited.)

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18

115 Seven Dials

Mr Vere

BOT OF

SAMl DOGGETT.

Dealer in Live Stock and Animals' Food.

June 1	Persin She cat of Afeckshinit dispersition	£	s	d
	Teachin to anser to name of Flo		5	0
	Expensis	1	1	0
	credit She cat returned	9	14	0
		3	3	0
		6	11	0

FAMILIES WAITED ON REGULARLY.

19

Codicil

I the undersigned Tabitha Sole hereby revoke and annul the Codicil dated the thirty first of May 1900 to my Will of the fifteenth of December 1891 and direct that the said Will shall remain in force and that the bequests therein made to my dear Nephew Algernon Vere shall hold good in all respects as if the Codicil before named had not been executed

Given under my hand this 1st day of June in the year 1900

Signed by the Testatrix in the presence of us both present at the same time who in her presence and in the presence of each other have hereunto set our names as Witnesses — Tabitha Sole

Thomas Vere — Clerk in Holy Orders

John Richard — Merchant retired formerly at Petersham Surrey

20

road, S.E.
of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

VERE—MEADOWS.—On the 15th inst., at St. David's Church, by the Rev. Ed. Larcombe, M.A., assisted by the Rev. John Drew, B.A., Algernon Vere, barrister, to Florence, second daughter of the late Henry Meadows, of Brighton, civil engineer.

SNOOK—WE[illegible]

Afr
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21

presents
ake-stand
ion, oil-painting
and Mrs Green, album
edrick Newman, a cruet
Miss Tabitha Sole, a Persian cat

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How you may Read a Man's Character from his Manner of Smoking.

By Hector Grainger.

A man may possess a most secretive nature, he may have a face as destitute of meaning as a stone wall, and a manner of speech absolutely non-committal; but watch him over his cigarette; note his manner of holding between his lips or his fingers; see how he puffs the smoke out of his mouth, what he does with the ash, if he consumes the cigarette to a mere stump or throws it away half finished, and, sure as fate, you will read his character like a book.

Cigarette I said—for a cigarette (and a cigar in a lesser degree), are much better character-revealers than a pipe. A man sticks a pipe into the side of his mouth and puffs away, and there's an end of it. You discover next to nothing, unless, indeed, he happen to puff very violently, which is a certain indication of a nervous, irritable temper. From the filling of a pipe, to be sure, many luminous little hints may be gathered. You see a man stuff his bowl quickly and lavishly, letting loose threads of tobacco dangle over the brim while he applies the match; if he

Vulgar-minded. He sticks his cigar in the corner of his mouth, so that you can see it when walking behind him.

The pugnacious person. He grips his cigar with his teeth so that the tip points upwards. Beware of him.

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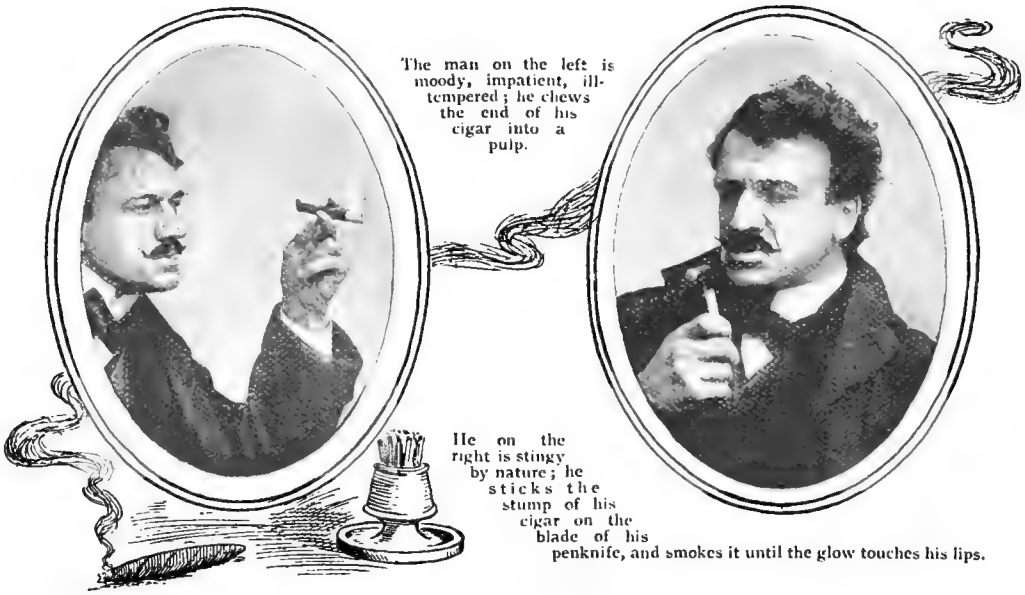

The man on the left is moody, impatient, ill-tempered; he chews the end of his cigar into a pulp.

He on the right is stingy by nature; he sticks the stump of his cigar on the blade of his penknife, and smokes it until the glow touches his lips.

be not good-natured, generous to a fault, careless, indolent, quick to make friends, quick to forget them, I shall be much astonished.

One notices men very often taking their cigars from an upper waistcoat pocket into which they have been stuffed. Too poor to buy themselves a cigar-case? Not a bit of it—but too untidy to keep one, or too lazy to arrange their cigars into one. And the same men almost invariably bite the tips off their cigars instead of using a penknife or a cigar-clipper—a shocking habit that not merely fills the mouth with tobacco grit, but disarranges the outer leaf, often spoiling an otherwise excellent smoke.

The cigar once happily prepared for smoking, observe how your man holds it between his teeth. But stay! The operation of lighting has also its interest. The tobacco epicure grips his cigar not merely with his teeth when applying the match, but with the finger and thumb of his left hand also, and between every third puff, draws the weed from his mouth and examines the glowing end in order to make sure that it has been ignited equally all round.

The dreamy individual finds the cigarette a help to thought.

The majority of men hold their cigars with the front teeth, and puff the smoke out on either side of it. A large minority hold them in the corner of the mouth, so that if you happen to be walking behind them on a dark night, you catch sight of the glowing end protruding just below the ear. Others again, and these, as a rule, are persons of vivacious temperament, seldom

Of an indolent nature. He is quite content to sit idle and blow rings into the air and watch them dissolve.

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keep their cigars for two consecutive moments between their lips. They take a few puffs, and then the cigar is given a rest between finger and thumb.

A man of determined character, energetic, pugnacious, impatient, often betrays himself by giving his cigar an upward tilt while consuming it—a favourite method with the Yankee, to whom the above epithets are distinctly applicable. The contemplative dreamy individual will let it droop towards his chin; while level-headed persons, and fortunately they form the vast majority, hold theirs horizontally. Naturally insolent people frequently omit to remove the cigar from their mouths when speaking to you, while others of a sullen, brooding disposition, chew the end into a horrible pulp. And is there anything more eloquent of stinginess than the habit, largely indulged in by Germans, of sticking the stump of a cigar on the small blade of a penknife and consuming it until the glow almost touches the lips?

Turn we to cigarette smoking—to me, at least, the most delightful form of consuming tobacco. For a good cigarette is mild to the tongue, delicate to the palate, light to handle, fragrant, and a most delightful plaything!

He greatly loves saying sarcastic things and seems to find inspiration by gazing quizzically at his cigarette.

Nervous and excitable. He holds his cigarette between his teeth.

A superior person.

You will find that the man who holds his cigarette with the glowing end pointed toward the palm of his hand is naturally ill-bred.

It has neither the cumbrousness of a pipe nor the cloying strength of a cigar; you enjoy it almost unconsciously, and is not unconscious enjoyment after all the truest? Praise your pipes who will, laud your cigar! A cigarette for me and I am content!

And what a character-revealer is this little roll of paper and tobacco! Watch the person with a tendency to say sarcastic things when he sits at ease and consumes cigarettes. Most men hold theirs between the first and second fingers. Not so he. He holds his much as you might hold a pen, the glowing end thrust away from his hand, and while the cutting remarks fall from his lips behold him examining the tip of his cigarette as if it were a curiosity. Why he does so is more than I can say. At the other end of the pole is the man who holds his cigarette in the same manner, but with the glowing tip in the hollow of his hand—an ill-bred person, who might well eat potatoes off the tip of his knife.

Yes! watch the smoker: it is well worth your while.

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The Note in the Blue Silk Dress

By Rita Cay.

"It is a question of dress, my dear mother."

"Surely you can get a new dress if what you have won't do, Cynthia."

"No, I haven't paid last quarter's bills yet."

"Well, dear, if it weren't that your uncle insists upon you having an allowance and keeping to it, I should be very glad to get you another dress."

"But as it is, you can't. Yes, I know. And if it weren't for that horrid old man at the dinner at the Hall last week, my white lace would have done beautifully."

"But I can't understand how he managed to spill champagne over your dress."

"He was clumsy, that's all. He seemed an absent-minded old man and hadn't noticed me. I spoke rather suddenly to Edith, he started, stared at me, looked as if he saw a ghost, and in his agitation upset his glass. It came over me because he had turned to look at me with it in his hand."

"Who did you say he was, dear?"

"I was too angry to ask. Captain Macdonald said it was a judgment for talking across the table. I don't see why that old man should have the fun of meting out our punishments though."

"Perhaps you reminded him of someone, his mother, or his wife."

"His mother, I expect," said Cynthia, laughing. "I wonder if I can't alter one of your dresses. Oh, I say, what about those lovely old gowns in the cedar chest."

"I wanted to keep those, Cynthia. You see in another generation or so they will be considered quaint instead of merely old-fashioned, and they will be quite precious. They are all beautiful silk. I had them before I married."

"Personally I would rather enjoy them now than provide interesting fancy costumes for future generations."

"Just as you like. They will be yours in any case."

"Thank you very much. I'm sorry to break into your hoard, mother, and if I can take it out of that old destroyer of the beautiful, my neighbour of the other night, I will. I shan't forgive him."

"Poor old man," said Mrs. Hovell, smiling at her daughter's vehemence.

"He wasn't so very old, not old enough to be pitied. Only about fifty or so, but quite cross-looking and ugly," Cynthia added as she left the room to begin her search in the old cedar chest.

She selected a pale blue silk from among her mother's treasures and took it to her room. Ringing for her maid she tried it on, and together they decided on the alterations it would require to transform it into a modern ball-dress.

Cynthia was satisfied with the gown, and promptly accepted the invitation which had been the cause of its resurrection.

Returning to her room later in the day, she found a note addressed only to "Cynthia."

"How funny," she thought, as she unfolded it, "whoever would address me like that."

My dearest Cynthia (she read),—

You must have guessed my secret before this. I have tried to te l you many times that I love you, but have never dared to put my chances to the test. Even now I write reluctai tly, but, as my regiment sails next week, I must risk it. I have so little chance against Frank Hovell. But I love

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you, my darling, as he never can. My Cynthia, if there is any hope for me, wear the flowers I am sending to-morrow night. I will endeavour to give this to you at the dance this evening. I love you and will serve you always.

Yours devotedly,
ANTHONY GREVILLE.

Cynthia felt bewildered. Who was Anthony Greville? Why did he want to marry her? What an extraordinary way of making her acquaintance. Gradually the truth dawned upon her. *The note was written to her mother.* It must have been hidden in the blue silk. Perhaps Anthony Greville had given it to her at the dance, and she had slipped it into her pocket and forgotten it. But that was scarcely probable.

"Not likely," the girl reflected, as she read the words again; "she wouldn't forget the note. Possibly she meant to put it into her pocket and in her fluster (girls used to get flustered over these things then), put it in some fold of the dress and couldn't find it afterwards. How romantic! But how sad! Supposing she had cared for him. Perhaps she did." Cynthia gave a frightened gasp and sat down on the nearest chair.

"She didn't have a happy life with father I know, he was always so exacting and jealous. Poor mother. But whatever am I to do about it now? She may sigh her soul away over the 'Might-have-beens' if she loved him. Perhaps I had better not give it to her yet. Find out about Anthony Greville first. He is probably dead now, any way, killed out at wherever his regiment was going to sail to. It was sure to be India. Heaps of people get killed off there," she thought hopefully. "I will sleep upon it at any rate."

Cynthia fully realised that she had a difficult problem to solve. It had always been her way to take the initiative, and since she grew up she had considered it her work in life to look after her mother and give her as happy a time as possible to make up for the past.

Mrs. Hovell had smilingly given in to the affectionate tyranny of her daughter; it was delightful to her to be so much considered.

The result of sleeping upon it was Cynthia's strengthened conviction that she should learn more about the past before showing

"Not likely," the girl reflected, as she read the words again; "she wouldn't forget the note."

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her mother the note which had fallen out of the folds of the blue silk dress.

Accordingly, the next time she was at the Hall she contrived to draw her uncle aside for a few minutes' conversation.

"Uncle James," she began, "who was Anthony Greville?"

"'Was' or 'is,' Cynthia."

"We will begin with 'was' about twenty years ago or so."

"He was at school with me in the first place and a frequent visitor here. But what makes you ask?" Mr. Hovell looked at her inquiringly.

"Curiosity chiefly. Did he live near here?"

"He used to rent the Grange for a time until he went to India."

"Was he nice?"

"He was my very great friend before he went abroad, so naturally I thought him very nice."

"Did other people?"

"Your father didn't for one, my dear," he answered laughingly, pulling her ear, "but why am I thus put into the witness-box?"

There was a twinkle in the squire's eye as he asked the question.

"Because you don't tell tales, Uncle. Now, between ourselves, was he fond of mother?"

"Between ourselves, Cynthia, I believe he was, but I never knew what happened, only that after he left England your mother became engaged to my brother and was never the same merry girl she had always been. Between ourselves again, as we are recalling old times, your father was not worthy of your mother; he was very difficult to get on with."

"I suppose so. I remember he was rather irritable. Do you think mother cared for Anthony Greville then?"

"We all thought so at the time, but even in those days he was retiring and awkward, so perhaps he never said anything to her."

After a moment's reflection Cynthia resumed:

"And now what is he?"

"He is a bachelor and a baronet and quite a big man in his own way, though that is not the way a girl would appreciate. He is rather 'dry-as-dust,' but you know him."

"I, oh, no. I never even heard of him till the other day."

"He was here a short time ago. Why, you dined with us one night when he was with us."

"Good gracious," exclaimed the girl, "not the old man who spoilt my dress!"

Mr. Hovell laughed and turned to talk to a visitor who had joined them.

Cynthia summed up:

"Dry-as-dust, awkward, shy. Not very promising and all the result of a lost letter. Well, I suppose I must forgive him and persuade the dear mother to make up his arrears of happiness. After all, the destruction of the white lace may have found for them what the blue silk tried to lose."

A YACHTING LAY.

1.

A hand to hold the tiller, and
A hand to hold my love to me,
A-sailing down a summer land,
Upon a summer sea!
And I'm the skip, and Lucy is
The mate, I wis!

2.

Oh! lightly blows the heather breeze;
And sails are full, and sheets are fast;
So let her run where'er she please
As long as day shall last!
When day is done, we'll tumble out
To put about!

3.

The little waves go gurgling by;
The white gull wheels and cries again;
And elfin wind-sprites hither hie
To pout their soft refrain;
And I am with my love, and she
Sings soft to me.

4.

Ah, little darling, call'st thou these
The earnest of our days to be;
A summer land, a summer breeze,
A-down a summer sea;
And Love—a sail that carryeth
Past even death!

A. Boyd Scott.

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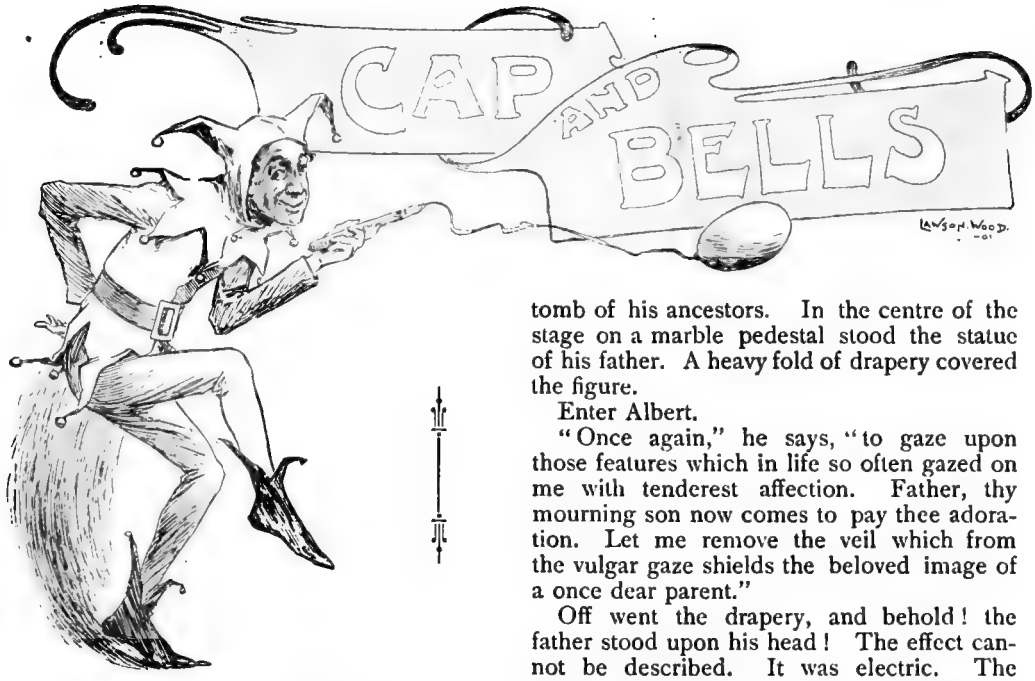


HER FIRST PLUM PUDDING.

Once a bride, unused to cooking, went and made a pudding rare,
And in weight, at least, no pudding ever did with it compare.
Then the bride unused to cooking bowed her weary head and cried,
But her cheerful husband whispered: "Never mind, my precious bride;
It is just the thing I needed; we will yet outwit the fates!"
And he cut it up in segments which he used as paper weights.

* * * * *

MYRTYLLA: "Why are you so anxious to have Mr. Dashing meet me?"

MURILLA: "Because he makes a habit of kissing every girl he meets, and I have a bet on you."

MYRTYLLA: "Did you bet that he couldn' kiss me?"

MURILLA: "No; that he wouldn't."

* * * *

The reputation of many men for truthfulness is due to their lack of imagination.

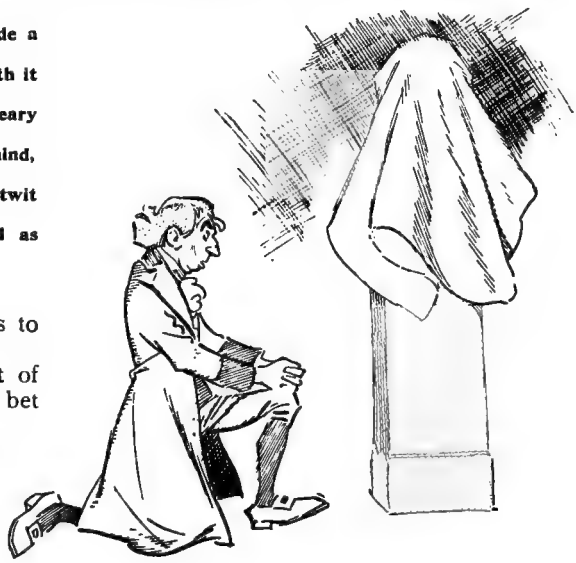
* * * *

A MELODRAMA was some years since played in a certain theatre, the chief actor in which had made himself, from his haughty and overbearing conduct, disliked by one and all. In one scene he was supposed to visit the tomb of his ancestors. In the centre of the stage on a marble pedestal stood the statue of his father. A heavy fold of drapery covered the figure.

Enter Albert.

"Once again," he says, "to gaze upon those features which in life so often gazed on me with tenderest affection. Father, thy mourning son now comes to pay thee adoration. Let me remove the veil which from the vulgar gaze shields the beloved image of a once dear parent."

Off went the drapery, and behold! the father stood upon his head! The effect cannot be described. It was electric. The shouts of laughter which followed the mistake



of the scene men effectually put an end to the scene, which changed to the next as quickly as possible, amid the "Bravos!" of the audience, the anger of the manager, and the uncontrollable rage of the actor.

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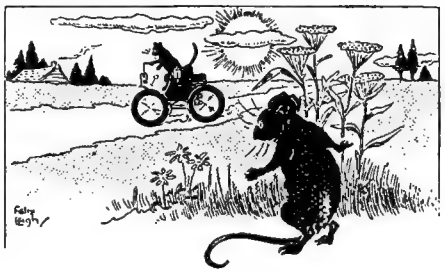


A MOTOR CAR CAT.

Tom Cat has bought a motor car,
And every Saturday
He takes a little "spin" from town
Along the broad highway.

At twenty miles an hour he goes
When he is on the flat,
And you should see him rush down hills,
This reckless Thomas Cat!

One afternoon poor Mopes, the mouse,
Watched him go by, and cried,
"What chance is left for mice who *run*,
Now cats on motors *ride*?"

* * * * *

HADN'T HEARD HER.

"Do you know that fortune knocks at every man's door?"

"Well, fortune must have had gloves on when she knocked at mine."

* * *

KEEPING OUT OF IT.

"Why is it, young man, that you never go to church?"

"My parents have taught me to avoid politics."

* * * * *

BUSINESS.

"What do you do when an editor refuses a poem?"

"I send that poem to another editor."

"And when an editor accepts a poem?"

"I send another poem to that editor."

A NEGRESS, speaking of her children, said of one who was lighter coloured than the rest: "I nebber could bear dat 'ar brat, kase he show dirt so easy."

* * * * *

ETHEL (six) thinks she is lost, and asks a passer-by:

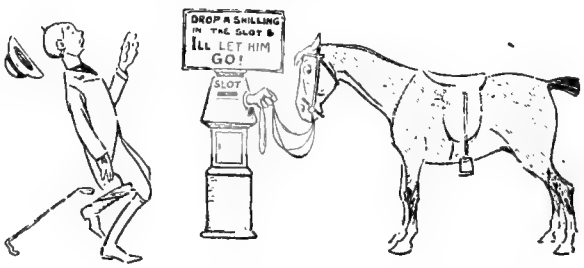
"Please, sir, have you seen a gentleman without a little girl?"

PASSER-BY: "Well, and what if I have, little one?"

ETHEL: "My uncle John has lost me, and I thought if you had seen a gentleman without a little girl you could tell me where he was."

* * * * *

ANOTHER automatic box device is threatened. It confronts the equestrian who alights at the pavement, with the legend written across its front, "Drop a penny in the slot, and I'll hold your horse." He puts in a penny, and an iron hand unclasps, the bridle rein is dropped into them, and it closes again



There you are; the horse is held. The rider goes off about his business. In fifteen minutes he returns. There is the machine, and there is the horse. But the first legend has disappeared, and in its place is the inscription, in characters of living light, "Drop a shilling in the slot, and I'll let him go."

* * * * *

MR. GOODMAN: "When Willie Tuffun called you a liar, did you remember that a soft answer turneth away wrath?"

JOHNNIE: "Yes, sir."

MR. GOODMAN: "And what did you say to him?"

JOHNNIE: "Nothing, sir; I threw a rotten apple at him."

* * * * *

GEORGE: "How is your suit with Miss de Pink progressing?"

JACK: Finely. When I call now her dog wags his tail."

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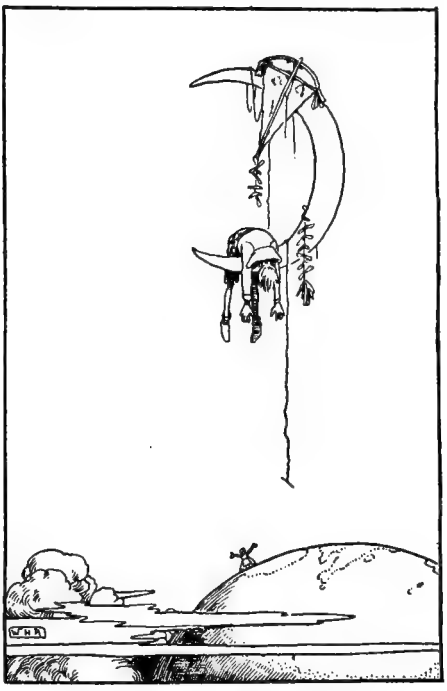
THE TRAGEDY OF A KITE.

1. Jimmy went to sail his kite
On a summer's day;

2. Came a sudden puff of wind—
Blew the kite away.

3. Jimmy hung upon the string—
Wouldn't let it go;



4. Now he's hanging on the moon—
Very sad, you know!

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HIS POIGNANT GRIEF.

"What on earth are you bellowing so hard about, Freddy?"

"Daddy whipped me."

"Well, what if he did? You've been whipped before, and the occasion doesn't call for such heart-rending grief."

"But he w-w-w-whipped me with a s-s-s-switch cut from a Christmas t-t-t-tree."

* * * * *

SHE WAS PUNISHED.

BLANCHE: "Mamma, were you much of a flirt when you were young?"

MRS. HICKS: "Yes, indeed."

BLANCHE: "And were you ever punished for flirting?"

MRS. HICKS: "Yes, my dear. I was married to your father as the result of a flirtation."

* * * * *

SUFFERING and knowledge lie very near each other, says a philosopher, and the man who used to get caned about three times a week when he was a boy at school will corroborate this statement.

TENANT (in top flat): "The roof leaks."

LANDLORD: "Nonsense. None of the people in the other flats say so."

* * * * *

A boy having been requested to perform some little service, came to receive his reward. His father offered him his choice between a penny and a sixpenny piece.

"I have always been taught to take the smallest piece," he remarked gravely, pocketing the silver coin.

* * * * *

THE following thrilling sentence is taken from a recently-published society novel:—"For a whole quarter of an hour the young man gazed thoughtfully in the flame of the extinguished candle!"

* * * *

AN ACCIDENT.

Bottom of hill,
Man just from bed,
Feeling quite ill,
Wished himself dead.
Top of the same,
Sled and a boy,
"Best kind of game,"
Juvenile joy.
One on his feet,
One on his sled;
They happen to meet,
Both of them dead.

* * * *

ALPINE GUIDE: "Here at this cross is the place where the guide, Peter, fell and was killed. Don't you want to give me a little money for his poor wife and children?"

"Oh, yes; but how is it that yesterday, on the other side of the mountain, they showed us a cross for the same guide?"

"That is all right; that is for the travellers who go up the other side."

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The Word of Roger de Brueys

by David Beddoe

It was a late summer afternoon in the year 1330 that Roger de Brueys, Lord Marcher, rode home to his castle of Mydrim at the head of 300 men-at-arms.

Behind him came Henry de Valence, his squire, carrying his lance and shield, with its device of a mailed fist sinister, on a field gules, bearing beneath the fitting motto, "What I take, I hold."

Stretching away into the lanes and meadows, with a carelessness begotten of dangers passed and the security of home at hand, rode the men-at-arms with many a loud jest and fervent congratulation as they saw the castle battlements rise to view, for there many a tankard of ale awaited their thirsty throats, and many a saucy wench to bid them welcome.

And the wounded, held on to their horses by rough, but not ungentle, hands, turned their glazing eyes towards it with brightening look—for home is doubly welcome after fifty miles on horseback with ghastly wounds and half-lopped limbs.

But there was one with a grisly wound in his head, from which the blood dropped upon his mud-stained jerkin, who viewed the distant turrets with feelings other than those of gladness.

Three men with hands on their weapons rode on either side of him, and glanced furtively round as if they feared that even yet he might escape, and Roger de Brueys himself stood in his stirrups every now and again to see that the jerkined figure, head and shoulders above his men, still kept him company.

The sun, sinking behind the Mynydd Ddu, suffused with its mellow light the broad meads where his cattle grazed, struck in lines of glancing light the winding river where his kine stood knee deep in the shallows. The gorse on the top of the further hill glowed like a crown of gold, and the rays, striking full upon the grey battlements of his castle, took away from the coldness of its walls, bathing them with its own warm glow, and Roger de Brueys smiled grimly—smiled, not so much at the beauty around, but because behind, bound as a prisoner, came Gruffydd ap Conan, his deadly foe.

It had been an ill day for those who lived in and about the Marches when Roger de Brueys, knight, for goodly and faithful service to King Edward II., of blessed memory, had apportioned to his share the castle of Mydrim, and, as the Royal grant vaguely specified, "such lands and appurtenances as he might win from the disaffected and pestilent Welsh."

He had set about his land-getting with a greed unequalled in that time of violence and robbery. Nothing was too sacred for his rapacious hand. Not a petty chief for twenty miles around dared call an acre of his father's land his own.

The halls, where Celtic bards once sang their englynion, now echoed with equal impartiality to the carouse of Norman men-at-arms, and the sons of Ivor and Llewellyn found safety only in the fastnesses of their native hills.

Yet Roger de Brueys had not found it altogether an easy task. Time after time had the Celtic warriors, with bow and javelin, exposed their bare breasts in open fight against the leather jerkin and the steel breastplate. Not on one occasion only had his convoys been cut off, or parties of his

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His men-at-arms, riding home in careless array . . . . had been suddenly cut off to a man.

men-at-arms, riding home in careless array, been suddenly aroused from their dream of security by the wild battle cry of those accursed singers, to be cut off to a man by the showers of arrows from wood and ravine, and the deadly thrust of the javelin when they fell beneath the weight of their ham-strung horses.

Foremost amongst these petty chieftains was Gruffydd ap Conan, from whom Roger de Brueys had taken the stronghold of Abermarlais and the broad lands around.

It had been a hard struggle, for the man, Celt as he was, was no ignorant barbarian. He had lived in Norman courts, and, as Roger de Brueys had said, was wily as the great master of guile himself. He was brave too, and in more than one pitched battle had made the issue doubtful.

Roger had, however, scattered his wild warriors and laid waste his lands with a ruthless thoroughness, but on many a dark night had the survivors swooped down and driven off his cattle, even from under the very frown of his castle walls, and the blaze of his hayricks told that though defeated they could yet sting.

Roger de Brueys might have looked with a certain equanimity upon the loss of his beeves and the burning of his ricks, seeing that they went, even as they had come, in the fortune of war. But when one morning he rose to find a javelin stuck in the lintel of his barbican gate bearing a scornful message that he, Roger de Brueys, was brave only in the shelter of his stone walls, he swore a great oath that the presumption of this Celtic chief should be put an end to, had he to smoke every cave in the Mynydd Ddu and burn every forest within twenty miles around; that he would this time clear out the blood of Gruffydd, root and branch, even to that fiend of a wife of his, who was ever foremost in inciting the tribesmen to battle. It was she who, in the guise of a peasant woman, had led Stephen Fitz Aylwin into a trap so that only

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one man escaped to tell the tale. A thousand curses on her! Gruffydd himself was a soldier, who realised when the tide of war was against him and the odds too great, but this fury of a woman knew no rest. Were half the warriors killed, and Gruffydd himself in hiding, and nursing his wounds, she would go round with her war songs, for she could sing like a crowned bard, and, calling upon the tribes by all that they held most sacred, bring fresh recruits to the ragged banner.

She was a witch, possessed of the devil. They said that her music made men mad, so that they became even as men possessed. Roger de Brueys made not war upon women, but this wife of Gruffydd, though of the royal blood of Llewellyn, so it was said, was not one to whom the courtesy of knights could be extended—a woman who delighted in battle, and, shrieking, urged men to the fury of the combat; no, let him but get the chance, and she, as well as Gruffydd, should hang on his battlements as a warning for all.

And to that purpose, whilst his wrath was on him, he gathered his men, sending to Mortimer at Hereford and Fitzhamon in Glamorgan, word that they should keep watch and ward over the border lest Gruffydd should escape thither, whilst he himself scoured the country, and burnt his lair in the mountains.

How well he had done his task the grisly wounded figure now riding, bound and guarded in their midst this late summer afternoon, told, and at what a cost the riderless horses behind bore evidence, for of the 380 men who had marched out a week before, 300 only now returned, and many of these would carry the mark of javelin and battle-axe to the grave.

One thing only Roger de Brueys regretted, and regretted bitterly, and that was that he did not bring home with him that fury of a wife of Gruffydd. It was she who time and again had spurred on the wavering warriors to the fight, singing in her outlandish tongue songs which urged them again to continue the struggle, to empty many a saddle, and to be the death of many a sturdy man-at-arms. May the seven furies rest on her! How she had escaped from the slaughter he knew not. The last sight he had had was of a tall, long haired figure standing on a rock, half way up the pass, shrieking out her maledictions,

Gruffydd himself in hiding, and nursing his wounds.

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her curses, he knew not what, upon his band.

But even Roger de Brueys, having good cause to hate her, felt in his rough bosom a kind of rude admiration for the untameable spirit, which had so much in it of his own stern courage.

Not that that would have altered his purpose one whit had she but fallen into his hands. Hang her he would, even as he had said, but side by side with her husband, not an inch lower, for if he was brave, she was equally so, though he had stood and fought with battle-axe with scarcely a man left to back him up—fought as a man of his inches well could, until Simon le Fort, hurling an axe from behind, had brought him down.

There was high wassail and riot in the Castle of Mydrim that night, and the weeping was lost in the noise of the toast-drinking and the emptying of tankards, and the wounded forgot their wounds as they poured out their tale to the accompaniment of wondering looks and applauding tongues.

And Roger de Brueys himself, in high spirits, sat at the head of the table in his hall, drinking hard, as he related, with many a loud oath, the story of the campaign to Edward Fitzhamon, his trusty friend, who now sat beside him in the place of honour.

"A goodly foray, de Brueys," exclaimed the knight, "and a right good catch. Now thou wilt be at peace to enjoy the lands which Edward, of blessed memory, peace to his soul, save you."

"Ay," replied the other, draining a tankard of ale, "but I would be the better pleased if that wife of his were in my hands also. She is the more dangerous of the two, I trow."

"But what wilt thou do with him now that thou hast him fast—keep him prisoner here, or let him go upon his word?"

"Keep him here! Let him go upon his word! You know me not, Fitzhamon, to suggest it. He hangs on my battlements within the week. I would hang him to-morrow, but I have hopes to have that fury to keep him company ere then. Let him go! Ay, when I bid his wife welcome to my hearth, not before."

Fitzhamon laughed. He knew the hatred de Brueys had for the wife of Gruffydd ap Conan. And the men-at-arms below laughed and passed on the goodly joke. "Ay, dost hear that? He'll let him go when he bids his wife welcome amongst us—that she-wolf—ha! ha!"

* * *

The days passed by, but Roger de Brueys, though he now held fast in his dungeon-keep Gruffydd, his arch enemy, who, on the morrow, was to swing on his battlements, was not happy.

The armour of Milanese make, which had turned many a fierce thrust, and warded off

A tall, long-haired figure standing on a rock . . . shrieking out her maledictions.

many a savage sweep of the battle-axe, could not keep away the miasma of the swamp and low-lying lands, and in the day he nursed his aching head, and at night tossed in feverish restlessness upon his mattress.

His physician concocted many cunning remedies, but he threw the goblet at his head. The priest burnt candles, and invoked the aid of the Virgin and St. Luke, but Roger de Brueys only swore, and at last, despite grave advice and solemn warnings, consigning them all to perdition, he took up his place at the head of his table, where, surly and scowling, he sat, anything but a convivial figure.

It was not a particularly jovial feast. The loud toasts and rude laughter which generally echoed from the board of Roger de Brueys were subdued, and the men drained their tankards almost in silence, looking with longing eyes towards the entrance through which, when their sullen lord should give the word, they would depart in search of livelier surroundings, and Fitzhamon, the guest, yawned, for his host was dull company.

Presently through the door, from the direction of the kitchens, came the faint sound of applause, and Roger de Brueys, turning his jaundiced eyes round, bade his servant see what was the cause.

The man returned. It was only a Welsh bard who was playing the harp and singing as a return for the supper he had had.

"A Welsh bard?" exclaimed the knight, scowling. Then suddenly, as if changing his mind, he exclaimed grimly: "Fetch the rascal in, and if he plays well we'll stuff his ribs with meat and drink, but if badly then we'll have him strung out—either way we'll make the dog provide merriment." Fitzhamon nodded—anything to beguile the time until this death's head feast came to an end. The noise from outside suddenly ceased, and, following the servant, in came the Welshman.

Clad in a long cloak of coarse, well-worn homespun, and wearing on his head a cwfl which half shrouded his face, he walked along with an easy grace.

Commonly as he was dressed, there was no appearance of awkwardness in his movements. Accustomed as he doubtless was to but scanty fare and rude dwellings, he yet seemed not awed or abashed in the great hall of the Lord Marcher, but strode right up past the long flanking row of men-at-arms—up without hesitation to the head of the table, where sat the Lord Marcher and his friend, Fitzhamon, Lord of Glamorgan, and there, a few paces off, he bent his head with simple dignity.

The knight scowled. "Give him a seat." A servant placed it.

"Now play, you Celtic dog," he exclaimed, "play so that thy music may save thy back from stripes, for if thou playest not well I'll have you bow-stringed out."

The other did not reply, but, seating himself, strung up his harp carefully, then lightly touched the chords.

It was no novice hand, and Fitzhamon half turned round in his seat to listen.

His physician concocted many cunning remedies.

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"Good," he exclaimed at length, when the few preliminary notes died away.

"Play on," growled out de Brueys.

And the harpist played again and again, now some soft, old tune, now a more stirring one, watching keenly the while the Lord Marcher's face to catch the passing mood, touching the strings with infinite grace and mastery.

"Canst sing?" asked de Brueys at length.

The harpist gave no direct reply, but soon a wonderfully rich voice filled the wooden raftered hall with the sound of its melody.

De Brueys understood not the words. They were Welsh, but the music struck home, and even the knight's war-lined face softened. It called to his mind days in far off Normandy, before he, Roger de Brueys, had become land hungry and a Lord Marcher.

"Thou knowest only thine own accursed tongue, I warrant," he exclaimed at length. "Canst thou sing a Norman roundelay now? If thou canst, this gold chain is yours," and he held out a massive chain of Italian manufacture. "But there, I know, a good bard thou art, and I, Roger de Brueys, who have heard the best Norman minstrels, even the renowned Tailifer, swear that thou art second to none. Thou knowest, I suppose, only thine own accursed gibberish?"

The bard did not reply, but touching the strings, sang, in Norman-French, some of the love songs of Tailifer himself.

"*Pasce Dieu!*" exclaimed de Brueys in wonder, when the loud applause from the delighted men-at-arms had subsided, and the noise of thumping tankards had ceased, "I could have sworn that not a Celt on the Marches knew any tongue other than his own, save, perhaps, Gruffydd himself, who lived at Court, and was a polished gentleman before he took up with his rascally countrymen, but who, praise God, will nevertheless hang on my battlements ere sunrise."

The bard started, and a shiver seemed to run through his tall cloak-wrapped figure. He seemed about to speak, but he only touched lightly, and played on the trembling harp strings.

"But here is the chain, even as I had promised thee, and I give it the more willingly because thou hast done me more good than all the prayers and potions put together, and thou mightest take it from me that not such another bard as thyself lives in this accursed country. Wilt thou take service with me? I, Roger de Brueys, pay well, and what I promise I keep to—a seat at this board, thy fill of whatever goes, and any guerdon in reason that thou mightest ask. Come now, I have taken a liking to thee; wilt thou accept?"

The bard shook his head. "I am under a vow. I cannot take service with the Sassenach."

"Oh, well, so be it, but remember that thou art welcome here to the board of Roger de Brueys whenever thou pleasest for the pleasure thou has given this night."

"Come, thou art hungry, perchance. One more song, then thou shalt go and eat, and we will retire."

A flush had mounted to the shaded cheek of the bard, and his dark eyes glowed strangely as the other spoke, and as he drew his harp nearer towards him he seemed to be labouring under some great excitement, the expression of which even he could hardly suppress.

His fingers touched the strings with firmer movement. It was to be no love song, this. A few almost barbaric notes came forth, then in a low almost chanting voice the singer began, swinging himself the while gently to and fro. It was in Welsh, but the men-at-arms laid down their tankards to listen. It was the Celtic battle-song he was singing in the hall of the Lord Marcher:

> Strike on and deep your axe shall splash
> In Sassenach blood with many a gash.
> Remember Cattraeth's bloody field,
> Die, Celtic warriors, ere you yield.

Louder still rose the wild, impassioned notes, making the very rafters ring with their wondrous power. They looked at one another uneasily, and the noise had ceased; not a sound in the hall as they listened to this impassioned call to arms. Roger de Brueys' hand involuntarily sought his sword hilt, and the bard too seemed as if he scarce could control the growing excitement which his song had conjured up. His eyes gleamed strangely as his voice rang fiercely out in a last triumphant call, almost like a shriek:

> See, see, the Sassenach ranks give way.
> Press on, brave hearts, we win the day.
> Rest not your axe or blood-stained brand
> Whilst rests a foe on Cymric land.

Then with almost startling suddenness the song ceased, the ringing notes, however, still echoing among the distant beams and crannies in the roof.

Then they awoke and breathed again, and Roger de Brueys, with an oath, turned round to view the singer. "*Pasce Dieu!*" he cried, "methought I was fighting again, with that

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accursed woman singing her war songs," and he mopped his forehead.

"Here, who are you?" he cried doubtfully. "I could have sworn for the moment that it was the voice of that she-fiend herself that was listening to."

The bard arose. "A nice word that, Roger de Brueys, to miscall a woman fighting for husband and country."

An angry flush overspread de Brueys's face. "Sir Bard," he exclaimed angrily, "try not our indulgence too far. Here is your guerdon, take it, and begone. Take it, I say; are you deaf?"

But the bard did not move. "This is not the guerdon I claim," he replied calmly.

"Claim! claim! Who talks of claim here from Roger de Brueys?"

"I do. I claim the life and liberty of Gruffydd ap Conan, Prince of Gwent."

A loud, scornful laugh came from the lips of Roger de Brueys, to be drowned by the louder peal from the men-at-arms, but Fitzhamon turned, a puzzled look in his face, as he keenly eyed the speaker.

"By what right?" laughed the knight; "by what——" but his laugh choked in his throat.

The bard had slipped the hood from off his head. A quick movement, and the heavy cloak lay on the floor, and, lo, a woman stood forth—a woman, tall and stately, clad in a flowing robe of white, her rich, dark hair falling in great masses over her shoulders, and tied in the middle by a golden clasp.

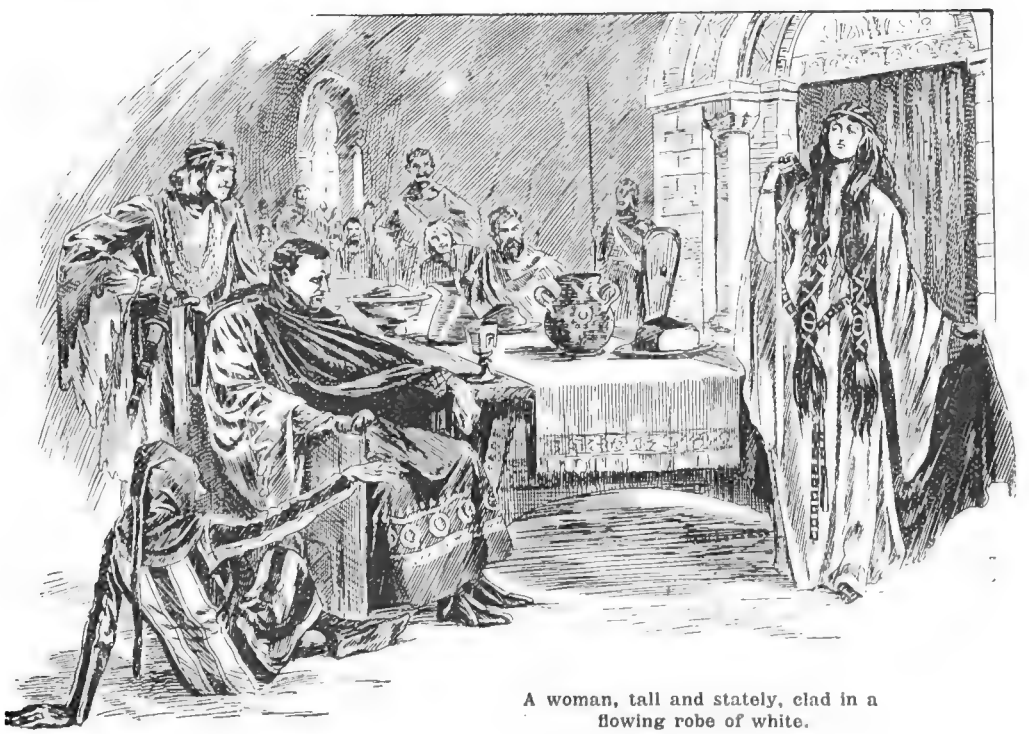
Roger de Brueys stared in amazement, and Fitzhamon rose to his feet in knightly courtesy. "Who are you?" demanded De Brueys, staring.

"Who am I, Roger de Brueys?" she replied, and her voice was as haughty as his own. "I am Morvudd, the wife of Gruffydd, the unhappy Prince of Gwent. I have come to claim the fulfilment of your word. Thou saidst that Gruffydd should go free when thou hadst welcomed his wife to thy board, and that thou hast done this night. I call upon Edward Fitzhamon, Lord of Glamorgan, to bear witness to it."

"What!" exclaimed the knight in surprise, "art thou the wife of Gruffydd ap Conan, thou the woman whom I saw on the hill-side like a—a——"

"Ay, speak out, Roger de Brueys, like a demon, like a hell fury. I know the words that thou wouldst utter."

Roger de Brueys remembered the wild woman, clad in rags, who had hurled out her



A woman, tall and stately, clad in a flowing robe of white.

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maledictions upon him and his men, and his eyes sought with a vague questioning the long rich gown of pure white, the chain at her throat, the golden clasp in her hair.

"Ay, I know what thou wouldst ask," she said, "but dost thou think that the wife of Gruffydd would bring shame upon him by coming to the hall of Roger de Brueys like a beggar woman?"

A flush rose to the cheek of the Lord Marcher. "What dost thou want?" he asked sullenly.

"I have said," she replied, "the life and liberty of Gruffydd ap Conan—the fulfilment of your word."

Roger de Brueys sat silent and fuming, and he swore beneath his breath.

The woman watched him anxiously. "Roger de Brueys has promised."

The knight looked up, and, suddenly bringing his fist down with a crash upon the table, he exclaimed: "Ay, and what Roger de Brueys has promised Roger de Brueys will keep to, though he would rather have parted with his right hand."

"Spoken like a good knight and true," exclaimed Fitzhamon. "Thy hand, de Brueys."

De Brueys rose to his feet and pointed out his chair to the white robed woman.

She shook her head and thanked him with simple dignity. "I have come for my husband. Him alone I want—then let us depart in peace."

Roger de Brueys looked down the long board where his men sat staring.

"Clear the hall," he shouted. "Let not a man remain; or before God, he hangs ere morning. Henry de Valence," he exclaimed to his squire, "take off the manacles thyself, conduct him here, but stay not on thy peril. Fitzhamon, we will go," and with a deeper bow than the Lord Marcher had ever bowed his head before to man or woman he departed, leaving the hall empty save for the woman herself.

In an hour's time two figures left the barbican gate of the castle of Mydrim—one was Gruffydd ap Conan, Prince of Gwent, the other Morvudd, his wife.

And Roger de Brueys, standing on the battlements, watched them go, and he spoke thus to Edward Fitzhamon, Lord of Glamorgan. "Lord Marcher am I, Lord of the Castle of Mydrim, but methinks Gruffydd ap Conan, outcast and impoverished, is yet a luckier man."

And Edward Fitzhamon was silent, for he, too, had learnt that there was one thing at least on earth better than the conquest of men and the possession of castles.

Down below there echoed from the walls the loud cheers of the men-at-arms—most were for the wife of Gruffydd ap Conan, Prince of Gwent, but not a few for Roger de Brueys himself, who, Lord Marcher and land hungry, had yet allowed his enemy to escape rather than go back on his plighted word, spoken, though it was, but in jest.

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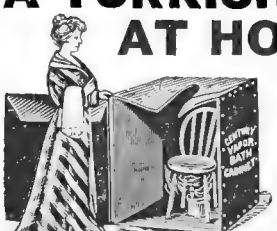

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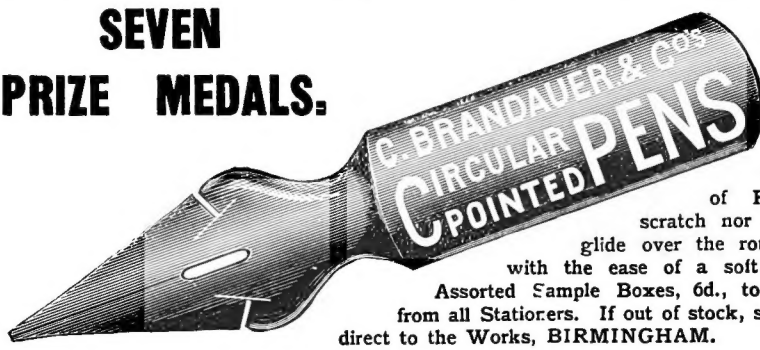

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